

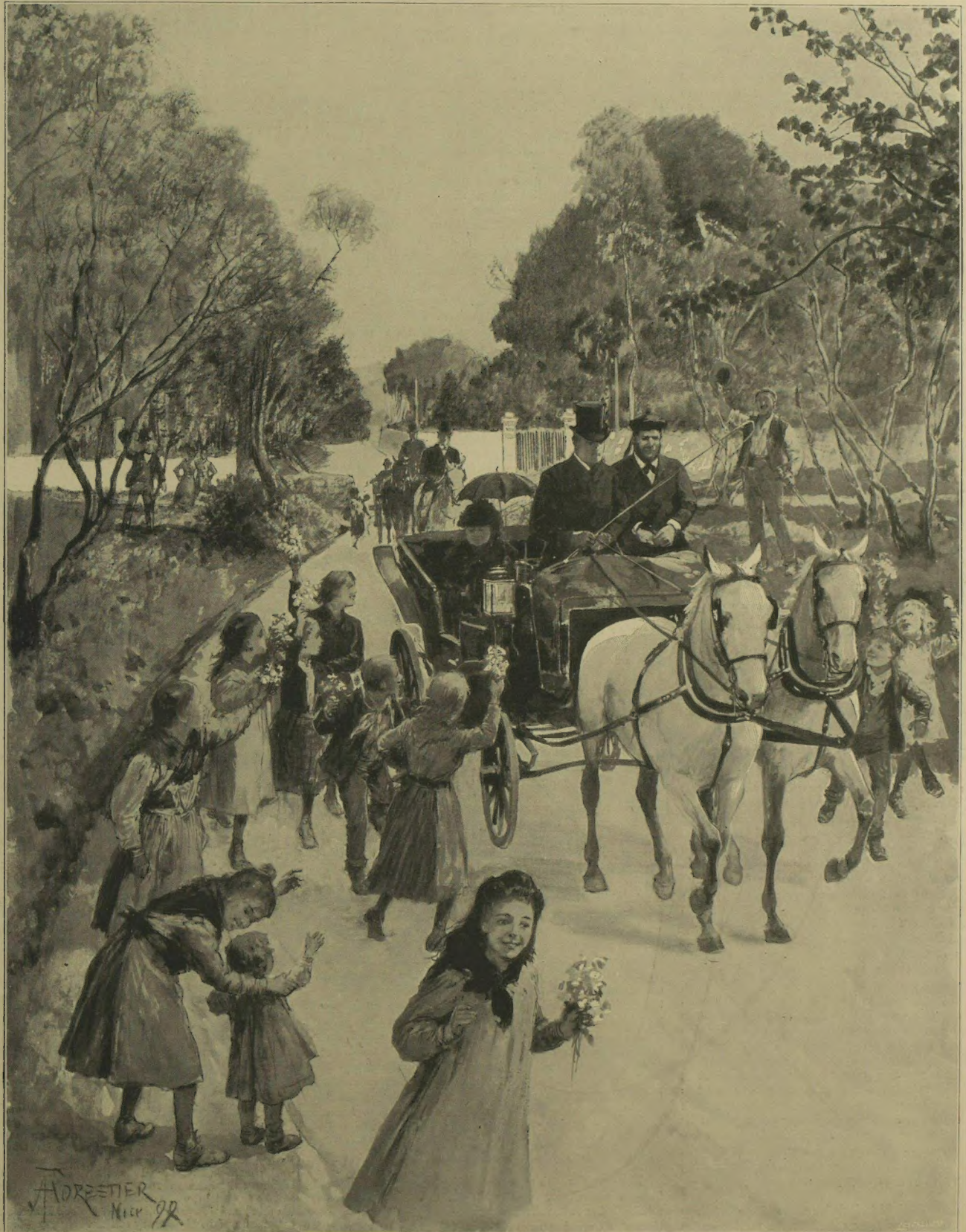
# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SIXPENCE.  
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THE QUEEN AT CIMIEZ: "VIVE LA REINE D'ANGLETERRE!"

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. A. FORESTIER.

When the Queen passes along the country roads, her Majesty's carriage is frequently surrounded by a troop of school children, who offer flowers and cheer lustily. The peasants stop their work or come from their cottages and all join in the cry—"Long live the Queen of England!"



## OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

For the nervous playgoer the London stage has a horrid fascination just now. At several theatres the historical gruesome is served up with a plentiful fantasy of lime-light. Two houses refresh you with tumbrils and the guillotine, and when the nervous playgoer flees from the Reign of Terror to Mr. Pinero's new comedy he finds that he has stepped out of murder into man-traps. "The Man-Trap" ought to be the title of that comedy, for does not a young woman (with the most virtuous intention, let me add for the benefit of inquiring Bishops) lure an unsuspecting officer into kissing her, so that he may be hopelessly discredited in the eyes of the girl who has just promised to marry him? The poor young man has done no harm, and the kiss on his part is merely a friendly recognition of what he supposes to be loyal service. But he is caught by treachery in the man-trap, tried, condemned, and executed as hastily as if he were a Royalist in the days of Robespierre. In Sardou's play, Sir Henry Irving gives us a vivid touch of the sinister callousness with which Robespierre orders women to the scaffold, lest by some remote chance they should endanger his personal safety. Is he any worse than Mr. Pinero's young Terrorist in the manœuvre shop, who tricks the innocent captain to his doom? At the Lyceum there is a terrific picture of Robespierre, haunted by the apparitions of his victims in the Conciergerie. How is the nervous playgoer to sleep o' nights with these phantoms in his brain, together with the pursuing image of Sophy Fullgarney, threatening to kiss him in the presence of his most austere relations?

In the Sardou play the guillotine is not visible, but it is prefigured by a grisly masquerade. A scaffold is improvised in prison, that ladies may practise mounting the steps, so as not to lose their dignity by stumbling in the actual ordeal. This is historic, like the sports of the captive children, all unconscious of the shadow of death. One child, whose agonised mother is borne away to execution, skips gaily about the stage, crying, "I said 'Good-bye!'" This is one of the rare moments when theatrical effect fades into pure illusion. There is another when Robespierre is ejected from the tribune in the Convention, and the motion for his arrest is put to the vote. The men of the Mountain rise at once to signify assent; but those of the Plain remain seated until Robespierre hails this as a proof of their loyalty, and then they, too, rise to condemn him. This is more impressive to the imagination than the apparitions in the Conciergerie, because it is the visible crushing of a last desperate hope. But how far is the imagination helped by the knowledge that Robespierre actually fell like this? Does the playgoer who has never heard of that terrible cry in the Convention, "The blood of Danton chokes him!" which turned the scale against the dictator—does he feel this marvellous scene on the Lyceum stage as powerfully as the playgoer who knows his historical authorities? Sardou has supplemented history by inventing Robespierre's son, and putting a pistol in his hand with the intent to shoot the tyrant whom he does not know to be his father. I have heard it suggested that the audience would be even more deeply moved if Olivier were to kill his father on the spot, and then suffer enlightenment and remorse, than they are by Robespierre's attempt at suicide. Ought dramas out of history to be written to please historians or the pit?

This is a question to which the new Society of Dramatic Authors (when it is incorporated) might give earnest attention. The secretary should send round a circular pointing out that Julius Caesar in Shakspeare is quite unlike the real Caesar, and that Shakspeare either did not know or disregarded the fact that his high-minded Brutus was a sordid peculator. In Elizabethan times (the secretary might proceed) there was no Press to be flooded with letters from prosaic students, accusing Shakspeare of perverting history to merely dramatic uses. In our day this kind of criticism has usurped authority out of all reason, and therefore (the secretary would add) it is necessary for dramatic authors to combine against the tyranny which shackles their inspiration. If a young man, with no historical basis, receives a pistol and a broad hint to use it against the life of a historical personage, and if he stands in a prominent position on the stage, grasping the weapon, and making every imaginative playgoer wish he would fire and get the explosion over, is it not his burden duty to satisfy the public expectation instead of leaving the historical personage to shoot himself? Just as your nerves are innured to the bang, because you think you know where it will come from, they are shattered by its precipitation somewhere else. For these, among other convincing reasons (the secretary would conclude), it is expedient that dramatists should have the right of dealing with history exactly as they please.

Somehow English historical characters of the last three centuries are more at their ease in books than upon the stage. There is a dearth of the picturesque in their most eventful moments. You could not make the scene in the House of Commons, when Colonel Pride carried out his famous "purge," as moving as the denunciation of Robespierre in the Convention. Our Revolution of 1688 is too tame for the playwright, and Dutch William is only a

shade more unromantic than James II. Still, Mr. Andrew Lang might write a good Stuart play about Prince Charlie, Flora Macdonald, and Pickle the Spy. Here are all the elements of a romance which need not wander far from history. Why does not the dramatic genius of the White Rose League revive our Jacobite enthusiasm with a piece full of tartan and pibroch and "Charlie over the water"? Is not a Jacobite of as much account as a Jacobin, and a kilted Highlander lovelier to look upon than a *Sansculotte*? I am wandering for some enthusiast to take a theatre, christen it the Prince Charles Edwards, and produce stirring dramas full of the glories of legitimate sovereigns. Anyway, that would be more to the purpose than laying wreaths on the statue of Charles I.

Matter-of-fact America has revived one of the romantic forms of mediæval horror. Poisoners are at work with flowers and sweetmeats. A popular actress receives a bouquet and dies of it, like Adrienne Lecouvreur. It is dangerous to open bonbon boxes which come through the post from anonymous admirers. In a land of universal candy this is a terror that throws Robespierre into the shade. The "candy-pull," I believe, is still an American rejoicing. A skein of sweet-stuff is attached to a post, and then the company take it in turns to manipulate the plastic stickiness. If Cesar K. Borgia should be of the party, what is to prevent him from poisoning the candy with his fingers? He will have more scope with the flowers, for the American girl, when she goes to a dance, receives many bouquets which are often carried into the ball-room by one of her adorners. C. K. B. is jealous of this man, who, as he enters the room with his arms full of rare blooms, turns pale, staggers, and falls down dead with a light green froth on his lips, like the poisoned knight in "The Forest Lovers." Book-markers, it seems, have also been used for conveying poison. This may suggest to Lucrezia Mandolina Brinvilliers (why do distinguished American ladies write their mystical three names in full, while the American man, as a rule, is content to suppress his middle name to an initial?) a pleasant little scheme of infected book-plates. The book-plate is now the accepted currency of intellectual intercourse. Lucrezia sends hers as a token of her esteem for your literary gifts, and begs your own in return. Pleased by this delicate attention, you wander into a day-dream of speculation as to Lucrezia's personal charms, and inadvertently touch the gummy side of the bookplate with your moustache. Next moment you are a corpse.

I beg the reader not to accuse me of a reckless desire to make his flesh creep. This talk of poisoning has a practical bearing for every American and every visitor to the United States, for you have only to handle a bundle of dirty greenbacks to feel that the Borgias have in their paper money the most wide-spreading material for their fell designs. This thought may strike a chill to the hearts of millionaires and Tammany "bosses." They are always fingering money in its greediest symbols. How do they know that some discarded official, or an enemy of "trusts," may not distil death into their veins with a one-dollar bill? I have never looked at a roll of greenbacks without wondering why the inventive genius of America has not devised pocket-tongs for making payments, and a handy deodoriser for the greenback which you receive from a not too fastidious citizen. Americans have tolerated its facility for spreading noxious germs. Will they stand it as the chosen instrument for the deliberate transmission of poison?

A correspondent writes to me with every mark of agitation: "I am a man of small stature and youthful appearance, but mature intellect. My life is made a burden to me by people who mistake me for an omnibus conductor, a lavatory attendant, and a guardian of the cloak-room. I gave a dinner-party the other evening to a number of distinguished men at my club. In the lavatory, just as my most illustrious guest was entering, an old gentleman turned to me and said, 'Boy, get me some soap!' I gave him the soap, and hastily explained to my guest, as we retired, that this was a traditional pleasantry; and he remarked that a treatise on club pleasantries would make a suitable occupation for my cultivated leisure. Yesterday I was on the step of an omnibus for a moment while the conductor was on the roof, and an old lady inside poked my ribs with her umbrella, gave me twopence, and called me to stop. I pulled the cord, handed her out, and then gave the money to the conductor, who said, 'Blimey, if you ain't a bit of all right!' It was an honest compliment, but why should I be exposed to such embarrassing esteem? Why do people in the hall of a restaurant, where I am waiting for a lady, silently hand me their hats and umbrellas? I have to tell the lady that this is a well-known restaurant joke, and she doesn't always believe me."

I sympathise with my correspondent, who is not alone in such misfortune. It has happened to many a high-minded being to be mistaken for the waiter. Once upon a time, at an evening party, I struggled with another man at supper over a plate of prawns. Each of us held it, and silently tugged, as we stared rudely into each other's eyes. At last a strange misgiving seized us both, and we said together in a frightened whisper, "Are you the waiter, or am I?" I offer this anecdote to anybody who is giving his cultivated leisure to the study of hallucinations.

## HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

The Prince of Wales has returned to London from Paris, where his Royal Highness stayed from Friday to Monday, on his way home from Cannes. The Princess of Wales left Copenhagen on Saturday to rejoin her daughters, Princess Victoria of Wales and Princess Charles of Denmark, at Venice, on board the royal yacht *Osborne*, for their trip to Crete and to Athens. The Empress Frederick met their Royal Highnesses at Venice. The Duke of Connaught has this week left Italy for Gotha.

The Duke and Duchess of York, whose visit to Ireland, as guests of the Earl of Cadogan, Lord Lieutenant, and Lady Cadogan, occupied last week at Dublin, went on Tuesday, April 11, to the Kildare National Hunt Races at Punchestown, which his Royal Highness again attended next day; while the Duchesse of York, having a slight cold, stayed at the Viceregal Lodge in Phoenix Park. On Thursday, April 13, their Royal Highnesses, with Lord and Lady Cadogan, went to see the Curragh Camp of Kildare, accompanied by Field-Marshal Lord Roberts, and lunched with Lord and Lady Downe. The Duke of York and Lord Cadogan were at Leopardstown Races on Friday. A party of guests were staying with their Royal Highnesses at the Viceregal Lodge. They attended the Sunday service in the Chapel Royal of Dublin Castle, saw the State apartments, and went to lunch with the Lord Chancellor and Lady Ashbourne in Merrion Square.

The House of Lords reassembled on Monday last after the Easter vacation.

The new Governor of New South Wales, Earl Beauchamp, left England on Friday by the overland route to Brindisi for the Suez Canal, on his way to Australia. He was entertained on April 13 at a dinner given by the London Chamber of Commerce.

The centenary festival meetings of the Church Missionary Society were held in London on six days last week; the opening service at St. Paul's Cathedral, with a sermon by the Archbishop of Canterbury; Tuesday's three meetings at Exeter Hall, and the meetings on Wednesday, the anniversary day, there and at the Queen's Hall, and in the evening at the Royal Albert Hall; with speeches by the Primate, by Lord Northbrook, Lord Cranborne, and others, and with a letter from Lord Salisbury, and with centenary gifts that day amounting to £66,000. On Thursday, the conference brought out the Bishops of Newcastle and Rochester, Bath and Wells, Manchester, and the Bishop of Minnesota, in America, to discuss the prospects of different colonial, African, South Pacific, Indian, Chinese, and foreign missionary labour-fields. On Friday the Bishop of Carlisle took the chair at the Exeter Hall afternoon meeting, and the Bishop of Peterborough in the evening. A Saturday meeting for children took place at the Royal Albert Hall.

Mr. Chamberlain, Secretary of State for the Colonies, receiving on Friday a deputation to ask that the native races in West Africa should be more effectively protected against the deleterious effects of the trade in ardent spirits, stated that he hoped to do so by further raising the import duties in British African dominions, if not by the aid of the Brussels Conference, and in the Niger territories by total prohibition.

The annual meeting of the English Roman Catholic Association, held on April 12 at the Holborn Town Hall, was addressed by the Earl of Denbigh and the Duke of Norfolk upon the proposal to establish an Irish Roman Catholic University, and unanimously passed a resolution urging this measure upon Government as a just Constitutional claim to be early settled.

The Lord Chief Justice, Lord Russell of Killowen, at a meeting of the Gray's Inn Students' Moot Society on April 13, spoke of the need to create a Law University, College, or High School of Law, for the more complete and authoritative instruction and training of members of the legal profession.

An appeal by the Royal College of Surgeons to be exempted from Inland Revenue taxation upon its premises in Lincoln's Inn Fields, assessed at £3161 annual value, was dismissed on Saturday by the Judges of the Court of Appeal, upon the ground that there was no legal appropriation of that property to the purpose of studying and teaching science, and it might be rather applied to the interests of the class of persons who practise surgery as a profession.

At the Lord Mayor's Easter banquet on April 12, Baron Goltstein von Oldenaller, the Dutch Minister, replying on behalf of the Foreign Ministers present to the toast of their health, noticed an allusion to the approaching International Conference which will meet at the Hague on May 18, on the proposal of the Czar Nicholas II. of Russia, and by an invitation from Queen Wilhelmina of the Netherlands. He said it was not a Peace Conference, but for the reduction or limitation of expenditure in war preparations. The taxpayers of all countries would be glad if that object could be obtained, and he hoped it would be so.

The Board of Trade official inquiry concerning the wreck of the Channel Islands passenger-steamer *Stella*, on the Casquets Rocks between Alderney and Guernsey, on March 31, has been appointed for April 27 at Westminster Town Hall.

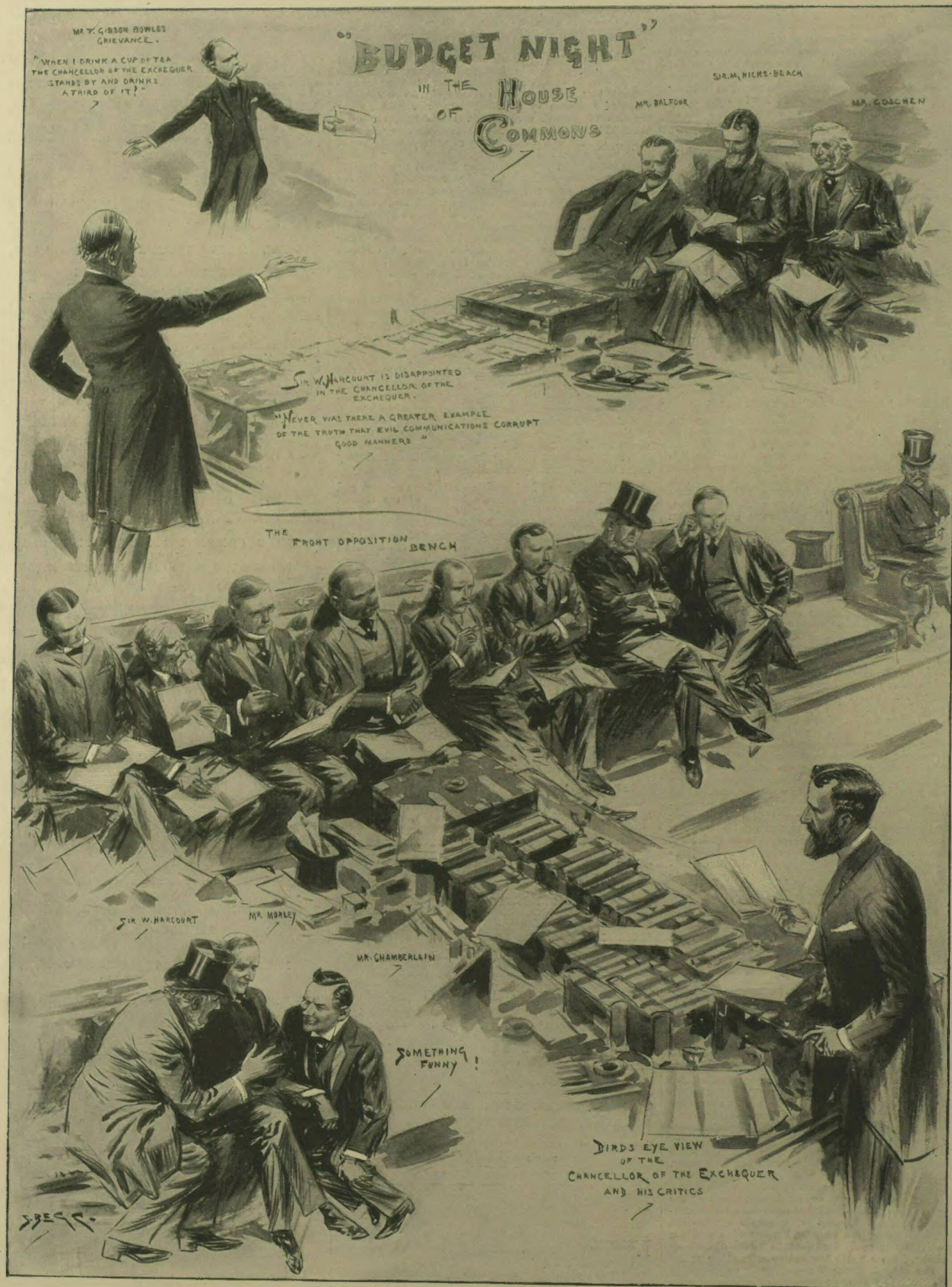
There is little news from Paris beyond continued reports of the Dreyfus case. At the Institut de France, in the Academy of Political and Moral Sciences, on Saturday, to which our illustrious countryman the late Mr. Gladstone belonged as an elected honorary foreign member, his elected successor, Signor Iazzati, who has been the Minister of Finance in Italy, spoke of Mr. Gladstone, according to custom, with refined and discriminating eulogy of his mind and character, displayed both in his conduct as a statesman and in his literary studies.

The French naval squadron in the Mediterranean, commanded by Admiral Fournier, in his flag-ship the *Brennus*, was at Cagliari, the chief seaport and capital city of the island of Sardinia, on Friday, April 14, along with the Italian squadron, the French ships flying the Italian flag at their mainmasts, to be reviewed by the King of Italy. He was, with the Queen and two of his Ministers,









THE BUDGET: SCENES IN THE HOUSE.





SIR HENRY IRVING AS ROBESPIERRE AT THE LYCEUM THEATRE.

*Drawn by Bernard Partridge.*

SEE "THE PLAYHOUSES."



## OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

## THE QUEEN ON THE RIVIERA.

Her Majesty the Queen, with Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein and her daughter Princess Victoria, and with Princess Henry of Battenberg and her sons, is expected to return from the Riviera on May 4. The Queen and the two elder Princesses on Saturday drove from Nice to Cap Martin, at Monaco, to visit the Empress Eugénie, with whom they took luncheon. On Sunday her Majesty and the royal family drove along the road over the heights of Gairaut, from which, at sunset, they enjoyed a beautiful view of the mountains of the island of Corsica. Lord Salisbury visited her Majesty on Sunday. Among the Queen's visitors last week came the Duchess d'Aosta, from Italy, the Count and Countess of Caserta, Prince Louis of Bourbon, M. Granet, the French Prefect of the Alpes Maritimes, the Mayor of Nice, the Duke of Sutherland, the Duke and Duchess of Rutland, and Miss Alice de Rothschild. On April 14, Princess Beatrice's birthday, the gardens were illuminated, and the Nice Choral Society gave a serenade. The Queen and the Princesses, in their daily carriage-drives about that delightful neighbourhood, have been much pleased by the lively courtesy and friendly attentions shown to them everywhere among the rural peasantry, who have adopted the pretty practice of sending forth little children with bouquets of flowers to present their greetings and these fragrant offerings to "Madame la Reine Anglaise." One small maiden, eight or ten years of age, named Angèle Gastaud, so much took her Majesty's fancy that a wish to have the child's portrait, in her rustic costume, with her hands full of flowers, as she stood, was graciously expressed. An artist of Nice, M. A. Perrot, was soon engaged on a pastel drawing, which he brought to show to her Majesty at Cimiez, and it was highly approved by all the royal ladies. The child was invited to come up with her father to the Hôtel Regina, for special comparison with her portrait, and was made very happy, also innocently proud, by so great an honour.

## THE BUDGET.

Budget night was enlivened by the return of Sir William Harcourt, who delivered a fierce attack upon the Chancellor of the Exchequer. "Weak and cowardly" was his description of the Government finance. It was received by the Treasury Bench with equanimity. "You don't pay your debts," said Sir William. "You are leaving the responsibility to your innocent successors." This outbreak was provoked by Sir Michael Hicks Beach's plan to take two millions out of the New Sinking Fund, and so reduce the scale of payment of the National Debt. Sir William Harcourt argued that this struck at the very root of the national credit, and Mr. Gibson Bowles and Mr. Bartley (two malcontents on the Conservative side) were disposed to take the same line. The Chancellor of the Exchequer argued that we had been paying off debt at a rate which, however pleasant for posterity, was unjust to ourselves. Moreover, the manipulation of the Sinking Fund in a temporary need was less a matter of principle than of book-keeping. With the two millions in hand he was able to make up the deficit by increasing the stamp and wine duties, and thus obtain a surplus of £230,000. The new taxation on wine means that cheap claret will cost a penny more a bottle, and that the restaurant champagne may go up sixpence a bottle. This prospect did not seem to appal the House of Commons even in the hour before dinner.

## WINTER SCENES IN NORTH-WEST INDIA.

It is scarcely a year and a half ago that the war against the hostile tribes of Afridis and Orakzais, in which a large force of British and Native Indian troops, under the command of General Sir William Lockhart, was engaged during the autumn and winter months in 1897, rendered the names of places along the Samana hill-range, to the south-west of Peshawar, familiar enough in all our daily newspaper-reading. But many things have since happened in other parts of the world, and far-away places, like absent persons, are soon forgotten amid the changeable bustle of passing affairs. Our illustrations, furnished by Lieutenant Bunbury's photographs, show the rebuilding of those hill-forts, Gulistan or Fort Cavagnari, Saragari, Fort Lockhart, and Shinwari, which were captured by

surprise, with insufficient garrisons, and were partially destroyed by the enemy when hostilities suddenly began, as well as the British military posts in the Khyber Pass, but which were recovered, two or three months later, by a series of well-conducted operations, enabling General Lockhart's army to advance along the Samana ridge in October, to cross it at the Dargai Pass, and thence to enter the sequestered valleys of Khaniki and Tirah, the stronghold of the Afridi tribes. The work of reconstructing fortifications, magazines and storehouses, and barracks in such a wild and rugged country, where transport is very difficult, cannot be so expeditious as might be wished, and in the winter season it may involve as many hardships as an active field campaign; but it has to be done, and our Royal Engineers take care that it is done well.

## YACHTING IN THE MEDITERRANEAN.

Yachting—the pastime that is reserved for the very wealthy and their fortunate friends—is nowhere more enjoyable than in the Mediterranean. Superior to all considerations of time and tide, these holiday cruisers may sail whither they list, taking the good things of life as they come, visiting the gay Southern home of pleasure or the ancient port which is now, perhaps, interesting only because of its

good sample of that region, as is Cromwell, born there in 1599, of its men. His father, Robert Cromwell, who lived till 1617, was the leading citizen of the county town, and was owner of Hinchinbrooke House, now converted into the far statelier mansion of the Earl of Sandwich. Oliver, as a boy, studied in the old grammar school, and was probably at All Saints' Church on Sundays, as his parents are entombed there. The family had another house at Ely, and Cambridgeshire connections. We may expect, at the Royal Academy Exhibition, to see Mr. Hamo Thornycroft's colossal statue of Cromwell on view. This is not for Huntingdon, but for London.

## STUDIES AT THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

## No. XVII.—A CHILLINGHAM PARK BULL.

Few animals have excited more general interest or have had more written about them than the famous herd of white cattle kept in a half-wild condition by the Earl of Tankerville at his Northumberland seat, Chillingham Castle. For many years they were regarded by naturalists as the direct descendants of the Aurochs, or aboriginal wild ox of Europe, which survived till a few centuries ago in some of the forests of the Continent. And they were

accordingly considered to be truly wild animals. This, however, is undoubtedly an erroneous idea; their pure white colour (save on the muzzle and inner side of the ears, which are now red, although formerly black) being alone sufficient to demonstrate their descent from a domesticated stock. For white is a colour rarely found to any large extent in mammals other than those inhabiting Polar or elevated mountain regions, and would be at once fatal to oxen dwelling in forests by rendering them conspicuous to their four-footed foes. An idea has lately been started that the Chillingham cattle are the descendants of white sacrificial oxen imported into Britain during the Roman occupation; but the evidence scarcely seems sufficient to substantiate this theory. And it has yet to be demonstrated that these cattle are not the immediate descendants of a more or less fully domesticated breed derived from the old Scottish wild bull.

The Chillingham herd is known to have been in its present domicile for over two hundred years, there being documentary evidence to show that in 1692 the majority of the animals had the inner side of the ears and the muzzle black. In habits they certainly seem more like wild than tame cattle, being very shy, nocturnal feeders, and hiding their calves. Whether such habits have been directly inherited from the ancestral stock, or reacquired after being lost, is a moot point. When it is necessary to kill any of the herd the victims are shot. R. LYDEKKER.

## THE FINAL CUP TIE.

Early on Saturday morning it was obvious to everyone in the Strand that some event of national importance had drawn crowds of provincials to London. The casual citizen wondered what the matter was—until he remembered that Saturday was the day fixed for the final cup tie between Sheffield United and Derby County. And then he understood the enthusiasm which was attracting such crowds to the Crystal Palace. For two years in succession Derby County have fought their way to the final, and it was known that this year they meant to make a desperate effort for the victory. But it was whispered that Sheffield United was the stronger team. And so lovers of football expected to see a game that would make the blood go tingling through their veins. In that expectation they went through the turnstiles to the number of 73,833, 13,000 more this year than last. The play which they witnessed was well worthy of their enthusiasm. Perhaps, on the whole, Derby County played the more finished game of the two during the first half, and were well entitled to their lead of a goal. But, just after half-time, Sheffield equalised by scoring their first goal, and then the play became fast and furious. Derby replied to the sudden vigour of Sheffield's attack by five minutes' dashing play, but they could not keep it up, and the weight and endurance of the men from the cutlery capital gradually wore them down. The result was that the United won by four goals to one, Derby having failed to score once in the second half of the game. It adds to the interest of Sheffield's victory that their right back, Thickett, was suffering from two broken ribs.



PORTRAIT, COMMISSIONED BY THE QUEEN, OF ANGÈLE GASTAUD,  
A LITTLE NIÇOISE GIRL, WHOM HER MAJESTY OBSERVED DURING A DRIVE.

From the Pastel Picture executed by Mons. A. Perrot.

great past. Of these, how many are found in the middle sea! For around the Mediterranean all the greatest events of the world have taken place. With a fair steerswoman such as our Artist has depicted, sailing must be indeed ideal—provided that a stronger hand is ready, on the first hint of danger, to take the wheel.

## TERCENTENARY OF CROMWELL'S BIRTH.

The month of April is notable, in the Almanac table of its component days, for the birthdays of more than one great Englishman; that of William Shakspeare being closely followed, on the 25th, by that of Oliver Cromwell. Any comparison between two great men so different in their temperament, their genius, their vocation and performances, would, of course, be absurd; but they were alike English in the broad substratum of character which underlies every variety of talents; neither of these was such a man as could have been a foreigner. It is, perhaps, not invidious to remark that the quintessence of peculiar nationality will usually be found existing in the old long-resident families, both gentle and simple, of the rural districts, and of small country towns, in certain home-like provinces, where the predominating race of those diverse races, combined in the aggregate population, seems to have retained its original stamp. The Eastern and East Midland Counties appear to this day still the land of the Angles; and Huntingdonshire is a



## PERSONAL.

The Duke of Devonshire has been signing for the pleasures of private life. He made a speech which seemed to hint at retirement, and the newspapers promptly took it up and talked about the advanced age of various members of the Government, the possibility that they would all retire, and so forth. Now the Duke of Devonshire is not an old man, and he is not weighed down by cares of State, for it cannot be argued that the Education Department is very exacting to its chief. Moreover, the Duke now declares that he has been entirely misunderstood, and has no intention of resigning.

An Austrian electrician has invented an apparatus for telegraphing at the rate of sixty thousand words an hour. This ought to satisfy the appetite of the most voluble orators for immediate and widespread publicity. Arrangements are being made for communicating between England and America by wireless telegraphy. We shall soon have orators in Hyde Park addressing meetings in New York.

The Right Hon. Herbert John Gladstone, who succeeds the late Mr. Tom Ellis as Chief Whip to the Opposition,

requires no introduction. It is matter of common knowledge that he is the youngest son of the late Mr. Gladstone, and that he has represented Leeds in the Liberal interest since 1880. He was educated at Eton and at University College, Oxford, where he obtained a First Class in History. For three years he was History Lecturer at Keble College. After his election to Parliament he acted as private secretary to his father for a year.



Photo, Elliott and Fry.

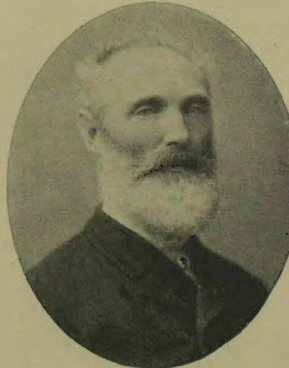
THE RIGHT HON. HERBERT JOHN GLADSTONE, New Liberal Whip.

His official appointments have included a Lordship of the Treasury, Financial Secretaryship to the War Office, the Under Secretaryship to the Home Office. Mr. Herbert Gladstone has also been First Commissioner of Works. He is an enthusiastic supporter of outdoor recreations, and is President of the National Physical Recreation Society.

Sir Thomas Esmonde has resigned the office of Chief Whip to the Irish Nationalist Party. He attributes this step to the attacks which have been made upon him. If every Irish member were to resign because he had been attacked by his colleagues, there would be no Irish Party left. The attempts to bring about "unity" among the Home Rule representatives of Ireland have led to increase of bickering.

"Boss" Croker has been explaining the methods of Tammany to a Committee of Inquiry in New York. He admitted that the object of Tammany was to use the public funds for its own party purposes, chiefly as rewards for loyalty to himself. Similar avowals have been made before, but they did not prevent the Tammany politicians from controlling the administration of New York.

The Hon. James Service, whose death is announced from Melbourne, played an important part in Colonial politics. Born in Ayrshire in 1823, and trained for business life in Glasgow, he emigrated to Melbourne in 1853, and four years thereafter entered the field of politics, being elected to the Assembly for Melbourne. In 1859 he was Minister of Lands for a brief period, and during his term of office introduced the first Land Bill. In 1874 he became Treasurer of the Kerford Administration, and in 1880 formed his first Ministry. He



Photo, Freeman and Co., Sydney.

THE LATE HON. JAMES SERVICE, Ex-Premier of Victoria.

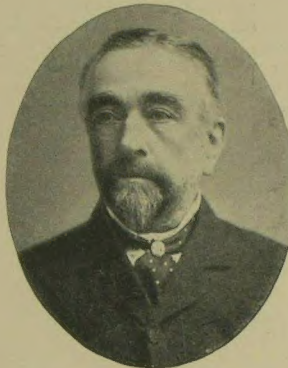
was defeated on his Reform Bill. In 1883 he again became Premier, and formed a coalition Ministry with Mr. Berry, the Liberal leader. He resigned in 1885, and latterly occupied a seat in the Upper House for the Melbourne Province. He was a strong Imperialist and advocate of Federation.

Two officers of the Dreyfus court-martial in 1894 have announced that they regard the sentence as an error of judgment. There could be no more striking proof of the wisdom of publishing the evidence given before the Criminal Chamber. That evidence, indeed, has literally destroyed the case against Dreyfus. It is producing a distinct effect on public opinion in France, where it is now possible for a sensible citizen to declare in favour of revision without being reviled as an advocate of treason.

M. Deniel, Governor of the Iles du Salut, on one of which Dreyfus is imprisoned, is a humorist. He thinks it necessary to inform his superiors at the French Colonial Office that Dreyfus does not admire Zola as a novelist. Unwitting of what M. Zola has done for him, the captive condemns the naturalistic method of the Rougon-Macquart

novels. This amuses M. Deniel, who will probably be less amused when he hears that revision has been decreed.

An eminent consulting physician passed away on April 16 in the person of Sir William Roberts. Born in



Photo, Elliott and Fry.

THE LATE SIR WILLIAM ROBERTS, M.D.

this post war, the reputation of being one of the best teachers of clinical medicine in the provinces. He was first professor of medicine in the Victoria University. His published works were numerous and valuable. In 1885 he was knighted. In 1889 Sir William removed to London, where he took a prominent part in all matters connected with medical education.

Madame Nevada has had an unpleasant experience in Spain. She accepted a six months' engagement to sing in that country, making her first appearance at Seville. When it was known that she was an American, she was first insulted by a number of Spanish "ladies," and then hooted off the stage by a chivalrous mob. The Queen-Regent invited Madame Nevada to Madrid, and treated her with marked distinction. But this example of dignity and courtesy is lost upon the Spanish grandees.

Frances, Duchess of Marlborough, who died on April 16 at her residence in London, was the daughter of the third Marquis of Londonderry, and was born in 1822. In 1843 she married the seventh Duke of Marlborough, who died in 1883.

The late Duchess's family numbered five sons and six daughters, among whom are Lady Tweedmouth and Lady Wimborne. All the sons are dead. Her Grace's benevolent character is well known, the most notable of her charitable organizations being the Famine Fund for the Relief of the Poor of Ireland, where the Duke was Lord Lieutenant from 1876 to 1880. The Queen decorated her Grace with the Order of Victoria and Albert. The fire at Hyde Park Court shows that London mansions, built upon the most approved principles, are as unsafe as an American hotel. The chief danger is in the lift, which carries destruction through the building with fearful rapidity. Why lifts are not so constructed as to reduce the risk to a minimum nobody appears to know. Electric wires become "fused" and ignite the woodwork. Why is this fusing not made impossible, and the use of woodwork in lifts prohibited?

The late Sir Monier Monier-Williams, Boden Professor of Sanskrit at Oxford, was one of the most distinguished Orientalists of our time. He was born in 1819 at Bombay, where his father was Surveyor-General of the Presidency. After training at private schools and at King's College, London, he entered Balliol College in 1838, but in a short time, having obtained an Indian writer-ship, removed to the East Indian College at Haileybury, where he carried all before him in Oriental studies. He did not, however, proceed to the



Photo, Russell.

THE LATE SIR M. MONIER-WILLIAMS.

East, but returning to Oxford, entered himself at University College, and won the Boden Sanskrit Scholarship. In 1844 he graduated. His labours in Sanskrit were now continuous and distinguished. Many important works flowed from his pen, and in 1860 he became Boden Professor. The Indian Institute at Oxford was his life-work.

On its behalf he made three journeys to India. In 1886 he was knighted; in 1887 he was created K.C.I.E.

Will the Russian delegate at the Peace Conference signify in practical terms the willingness of Russia to reduce her armaments? It seems that this pertinent question is being asked by Russians themselves, who say that the Czar ought to set an example. At present the Russian forces, naval and military, are steadily increasing, and the journals are forbidden by the Censor to discuss the Czar's peace project. If Russia is not prepared to make a direct proposal to the Conference, similar to that which was made by Mr. Goschen in connection with the Navy Estimates, how can she expect other Powers to be more zealous?

Lady Blake, who hoisted the British flag at Kowloon, is the eldest daughter of the late Ralph Bernal Osborne and the wife of Sir Henry Arthur Blake, who has been Governor of Hong-Kong since 1897. Sir Henry has served as Governor of the Bahamas and of Newfoundland, and as Captain-General and Governor-in-Chief of Jamaica.

Lieut.-Col. John Chivas Shirres, of the India Mountain Artillery, who was recently drowned while fishing, was one of the most efficient officers that branch of the Service possessed. Twenty-five years ago he entered the Royal Artillery, and had seen much active service, proving himself a commander of eminent ability. The greater part of his period of service had been spent with the Mountain Artillery, for which corps, as well as for himself, he won distinction in the principal frontier wars in which we have been engaged in India during the last ten years. He held the Distinguished Service Order and a Brevet-Lieutenant Colonelship for his conduct in the field. By his death a singularly promising career has been cut short untimely, for Colonel Shirres was only forty-five years of age.



Photo, Ewing, Marston.

THE LATE LIEUTENANT-COLONEL SHIRRES.

The Dean of St. Paul's has changed his attitude towards the experts who protest against the present scheme of decoration for the Cathedral. At first he treated them coolly as people who had no right to criticise, because they had not subscribed to the decoration fund. Since then he has received the committee appointed by the Royal Academy and the Institute of British Architects, and explained to them that the stencilling under the cupola is "largely experimental." This looks as if that part of the decoration would be abandoned.

The dogs of Middlesex may now rejoice, as their day of deliverance is at hand. During the hearing of a muzzling case at Brentford on Tuesday, Sir George S. Meason, Chairman of the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, said he had received a promise from Mr. Long that the muzzling order for Middlesex would shortly be revoked. The London dog, however, is still in durance.

Lieutenant Angel Hope Freeman, who was killed in an ambuscade during the fighting at Vailele, in Samoa,

on April 1, entered the Navy as a cadet in 1877. Two years later he became midshipman; in 1881 he was promoted lieutenant. As a midshipman on board the *Monarch*, he took part in the bombardment of Alexandria, and served through the Egyptian War, winning the Egyptian medal, the Alexandria clasp, and the Khedive's bronze star. Off Barbadoes, while serving on board the *Tourmaline*, Lieutenant Freeman saved a petty officer named Roe from drowning. During a regatta, the pinnacle of the *Comus* capsized two miles from shore, and Mr. Freeman jumped from the picket-boat into water infested with sharks to Roe's assistance. For this act he was awarded the Royal Humane Society's bronze medal.

Principal Fairbairn, in his impressions of his visit to India, communicated at Oxford on Tuesday, has given a high certificate of character to our civil administration in the East. He notices in warm terms the ability and sense of responsibility with which our Indian officials discharge their duty. Such comments from such a quarter must exercise a salutary effect on many minds not too well informed or too well disposed towards our Imperial policy.

Captain Hufnagel, overseer of the plantation near Apia where the British and American forces fell into an ambuscade, is connected by marriage with the Mataafa family. His wife is a quadroon of the pretender's kin, and his son Gottlieb will one day be head of that branch of the family. Gottlieb, though white, is a Samoan chief in virtue of his mother's rank, the Samoans counting descent in the maternal line.



Photo, Lloyd Studio, Sydney.

THE LATE LIEUTENANT A. H. FREEMAN, Killed in Samoa.





Photo. Bullingham.

Photo. Warner and Son, Dublin.

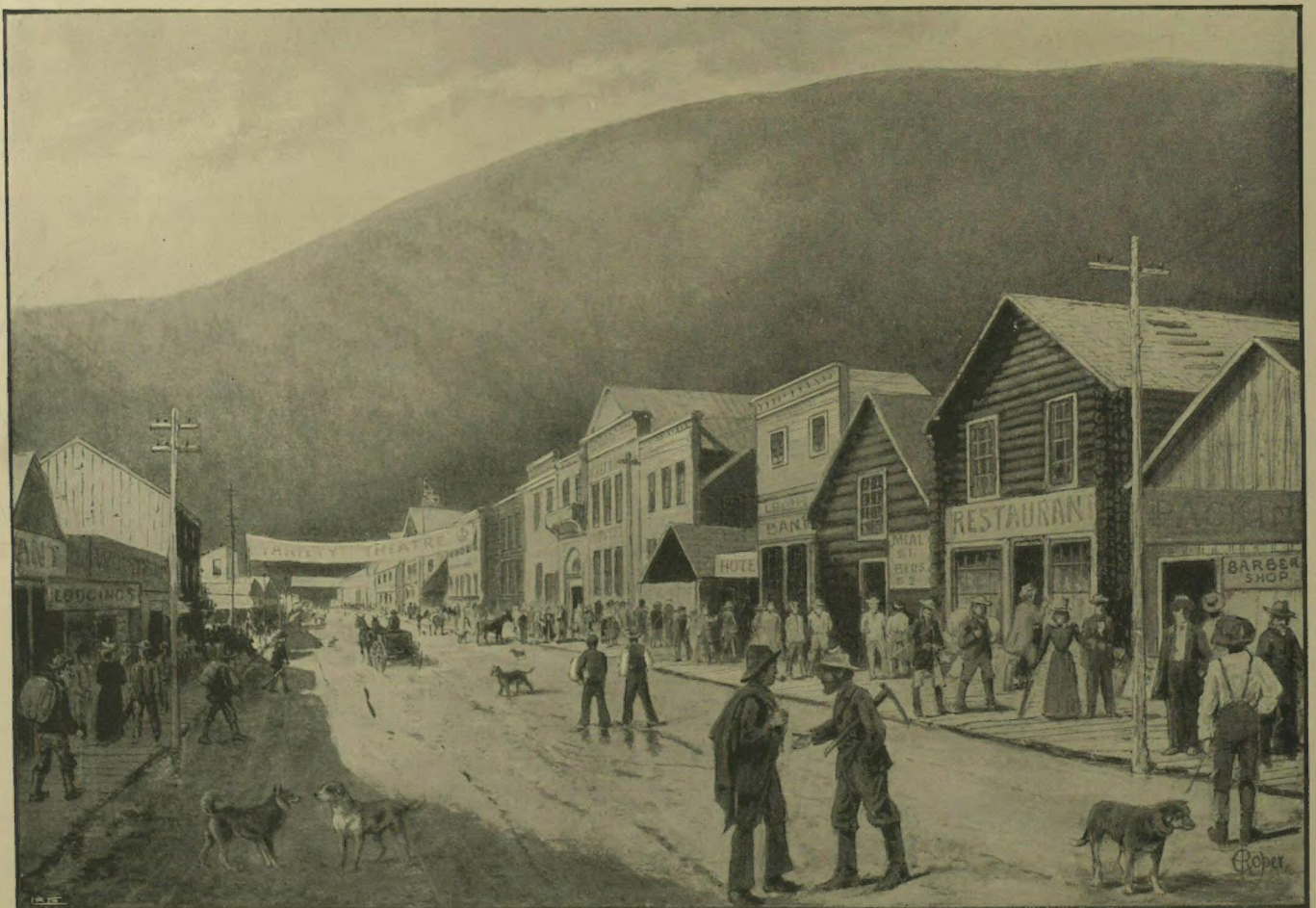
## MARRIAGE OF THE EARL OF CREWE AND LADY MARGARET PRIMROSE.

Lady Margaret Etrenne Hannah Primrose is now the Countess of Crewe, but she will long be known as Lady Peggy Primrose. The second daughter of Lord Rosebery, she was born in January 1881. Apart altogether from the popularity of her father, she and her sister gained a pathetic interest by the death of her mother, née Hannah Rothschild,

when Lady Peggy was only nine years old. A season or two ago, the Ladies Primrose made an interesting informal appearance in society.

Lord Crewe is notable not merely as the son of Monckton Milnes (the friend of Keats), but by reason of his own place in public life as Lord Lieutenant of Ireland (1892-95).

In 1863 his father was created Baron Houghton, and in 1894 he himself was raised to the earldom of Crewe, his mother having been a daughter of the second Baron Crewe. Lord Crewe's first wife was Miss Sibyl Graham, daughter of a Cumberland Baronet. She died in 1887, leaving three daughters.



FRONT STREET, DAWSON CITY, LOOKING WEST, AS IT APPEARED IN THE SUMMER OF 1908.

This street runs parallel with the Yukon River. It was arranged originally that nothing should be erected between the row of buildings on the right of the illustration and the water; but recently this space has been "jumped." There has been, and is still, much controversy and litigation about this.

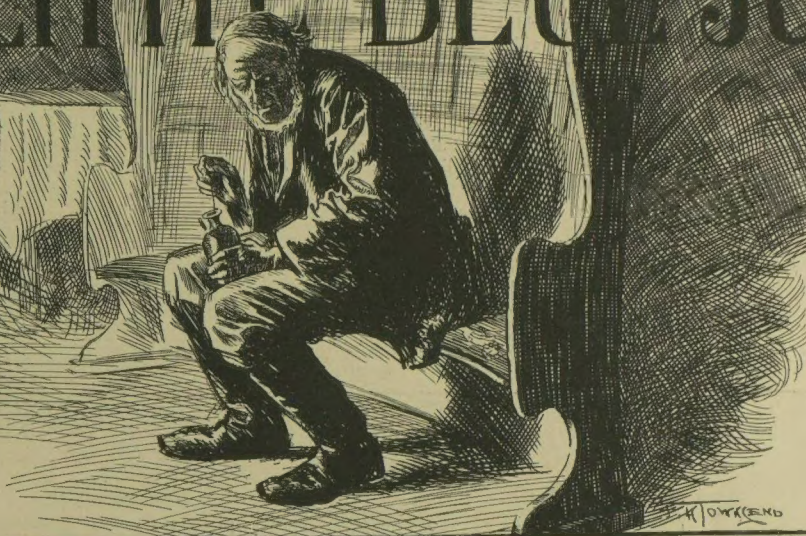


# THE LITTLE BLUE JUG

BY  
B.M. CROKER.

ILLUSTRATED BY F. H. TOWNSEND.

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THERE were, in fact, a pair of them, but as one had long lost both spout and handle, it had subsided into humble retirement behind a flaring green and yellow dish, the pride of the whole dresser—and was remembered no more.

The jugs, plate, dresser, and cottage containing them, were the property of Martin Leary, fisherman, boatman, and poacher, better known as Martin the Miser. He lived on the side of a high road in Kerry, and from his half door commanded as fine a view of river and lake as anyone need wish to see. Martin was a hard-featured, broad-shouldered man of sixty years of age, who worked steadily, and never drank or squandered. His neighbours were at a loss to imagine what on the living earth he did with his earnings; and as he was inclined to be "dark and close in himself," they set him down as a miser—a character that possibly enjoys less popularity in Ireland than in any other country.

In '47, when Martin was a boy of twenty, he and his had sore reason to remember the great famine, which almost depopulated the kingdom of Kerry—a poor enough kingdom at its best! Whole villages were deserted owing to death and emigration: do not their roofless walls and grass-grown roads remain unto the present day?

Martin and his mother were among the miserable remnant of a town-land, who had shipped to America. There for ten years he had worked as a porter in New York, supporting his parent, and there she had died. During her last illness, Mrs. Leary had never ceased to lament her own country—though it had been a country of starvation; nor to bewail the fact that her bones must lie in alien soil.

And Martin, though toiling all day long in stirring, practical New York, found many an odd moment in which to allow his mind to dwell upon his native land, and his home in far-away Kerry. His warm Celtic imagination did not remind him of thousands of starving wretches, fed on yellow meal, and gaunt with famine; nor did it recall fields of potatoes black with decay, and the air full of the peculiar heavy odour of the blight! No, but Kerry with its lakes veiled in water-lilies, its rivers full of salmon, its pansy-purple mountains, its holy churches, holy islands, fuchsia hedges and fairies, the moist, wooing air, and the soft Irish tongue.

Scarcely was his mother buried, when Martin succumbed to a mad, ungovernable longing to go home. His "home" was a roofless cottage surrounded by eight acres of barren mountain soil; but hedged with tall fuchsias, and watered by a brawling mountain stream, whose monotonous song had lulled him to sleep for years. How he longed to possess those eight acres! This craving for land, however poor, but more because it is their own native soil, amounts in an Irish peasant to a hunger, an animal passion impossible for a stranger to realise. Martin Leary returned as a steerage passenger on one of the great ocean liners which touch at Queenstown, and, as he approached his destination, the first sight of the Kerry coast caused his heart to beat and his eyes to glow. He was a lover contemplating his adored mistress after a separation of ten long years!

Martin found his native place much changed, but was recognised by several of the townsfolk, who offered him hospitality and a hearty welcome.

The following day he tramped off to visit the cabin where he was born. It stood roofless in a cleft between two hills, sheltered by ash-trees, close to a tiny pond

covered with water-lilies. The fuchsias had grown to enormous proportions, also the nettles; but he still was able to make out the straggling branches of a few currant-bushes, where once had been the garden, the fireside, black with smoke, and the wall on which he had painted M. L. But, alas! there was no chance of recovering what had formerly belonged to his people. The price of the freehold was one hundred and ten pounds.

Martin Leary soon obtained lodgings, good employment, and a wife: he married a former playmate, a stout country girl, who brought him as her portion a dresserful of china, a feather bed, and three goats. She proved to be an excellent, hard-working helpmate, but she died of a decline at the age of twenty-five, leaving Martin with two children—a son and daughter. Martin never married again, though the local matchmaker, who was most anxious to "settle" him, brought him several tempting "accounts," for it was well known that Leary was a warm man, and terribly saving—saving for what?

His neighbours would certainly have declared "that the head of him was not right" could they have seen Martin stealing away of a Sunday evening, by roundabout boroens and bypaths, in order to visit his old home—just four roofless walls, a well, and a few choked currant-bushes. Many a night in his cabin when he had mended his nets, he sat staring into the turf fire, with his head in his hands. Of what was he thinking? Of the future of his boy—a smart lad, who was getting good schooling? Not at all: he was meditating on the little ruined holding by the stream, and mentally reckoning up his savings. It was known that Martin never put a foot inside a bank or a public-house, so where did he keep his money at all, at all? His sister-in-law had searched the house most indefatigably, being exceedingly anxious to inform herself of his affairs. She had tried the floor, the chimney, the thatch, and the feather bed, but she never once thought of the little blue jug, with its narrow neck and plump figure—it looked so simple and so innocent.

The jug contained fifty-two one-pound notes! Martin picked them out with a special bit of wire, and counted them over each time he added to their number. He was a self-denying, austere man, who rose early and worked late. All the pleasures he allowed himself were divided between the house among the fuchsias and the little blue jug.

His daughter Mary once ventured to ask him why he did not buy another cow—and cows so down? This was immediately after he had been poaching by torchlight in the River Inney, and had caught nine fine salmon.

"Some time, me girl, you will know why," he answered. "I've a better use for me money than that." And this was all the information he would afford.

Martin became, as years went by, nearer and nearer: what self-denial!—what a quantity of whisky, porter, and tobacco was figuratively stored on the second shelf of the dresser!

When she was nineteen years of age, his daughter married and left home. Mary Leary was a remarkably pretty girl: only for her face, the local matchmaker would have found some difficulty in getting her a suitable husband, as her fortune was but four pounds, a fishing-rod, a couple of geese, and an old skillet. Then Donal, the son, brought home a wife, a lively black-eyed young woman, who had forty guineas for her dower, as well as

an ass and car. Her people gave a grand wedding, lashings of drink, and chickens and bacon, and a honeymoon at Killarney, no less!—excursion return, price six shillings and sixpence!

But although he made a bold offer, Martin was not permitted to have the handling of the bride's fortune. The young couple managed their own money affairs, and kept the forty guineas out at interest in the Munster Bank. Then grandchildren came, and Martin made them welcome, and brought them up as well as he could, for Mrs. Donal was gay and often in the town on her ass's car, and although Donal was in constant work, he did not put his earnings in a jug—but squandered them in a bottle.

Occasionally Martin would gather the children round him of an evening and tell them old stories and legends—of the great sea-serpent that was seen in the lake, with a body twice as long as the boat and a mane as long as an oar; of the golden eagle that came down from the mountain and swept up a gentleman's son and carried him right over the water, with its claws stuck in his sash; and how he dropped the boy on an island, where a man was cutting osiers, and, seeing the eagle about to tear his prey to pieces, beat him off and saved the child's life. Of the well on Church Island—which was no island at all in those days, but by the church porch was a wonderful spring that was common to half the country. It had a lid to it, and it was said to be under a spell that could work no harm as long as the well was covered by sundown, and this was done for many years. But one day a girl came for water: she happened to be in love, and totally forgot all about the lid, and left the well uncovered at sundown; and the spring rose and rose till it flooded all the fields—there was no stopping it day or night—and people had to leave their houses and fly up the mountain, driving their cattle before them. And when at last the water ceased there was a great lake eighteen miles round, and this lake is called Lough Currane unto the present day. Of the little enchanted island, that at certain times of the year was seen to turn; and how on one occasion a jeering soldier, who was among the crowd of spectators, threw a sword at it, and how ever since the island had seemed to move with a limp!

Thirty years of hard work had been accomplished by Martin since he had returned from America—thirty years of saving and hoarding for one object—and now the jug was nearly full! Six months more and he could claim the land and ruin—they would be his for ever and ever. He visited the place surreptitiously on Sundays; mended gaps, cleared the garden, cut down undergrowth: it would save time later on.

Secretly he thatched the pigsty with heather. No one ever came that way now or guessed at old Martin's employment, and delights. His only spectators were idle hill cattle and wandering goats.

It had been a good season: he had earned, as usual, his three shillings a day (and dinner) as boatman on the lake, but he was beginning to feel the effects of years of damp and exposure, and to find that if the spirit was strong, the flesh was crippled with rheumatism. However, he only wanted a couple of pounds more! One day in August he volunteered to lend his boat, his son, and himself, to take a party of English visitors off to the Skelligs. To the Skelligs is a long, laborious expedition. Once out of Ballin-Skellig Bay, a boat is exposed to the full force of the Atlantic, and unless on a picked day in summer, landing



is extremely hazardous. He resolved to start from Ballin-Skellig itself, which would save the pull across the bay, and he would be absent two days. After that, his last severe excursion, his labours would be over. Mr. Forbes, the agent, would surely abate ten pounds on receiving one hundred one-pound notes. With the surplus of his earnings Martin resolved that he would pay for thatching, and would purchase a closed bed, a clock, and a second-hand bicycle for little Matt—seeing that he would be four miles from school—these were a few of Martin's thoughts as he bent over his horny toil-worn hands, and strove with a heavy oar and the Atlantic swell; but as he looked back on the land with its purple mountains seamed with silver streams, the sight gave him the force and energy of a man of half his age.

This was his last heavy job, thank God! With a couple of Kerrys, and pigs on his own land—what with them, and poaching the Cumeragh and the Inney, he could end his days in the old home like a gentleman.

Meanwhile as he pulled towards the little Skellig, two American ladies, who were born explorers, walked from one of the Waterville hotels out into what they considered the wilds—first up the smooth coach road, then on to

The kitchen had an uneven earthen floor, but it was unexpectedly clean, as were the solid chairs which were placed for them. A dresser shone with variegated crockery, the rafters were laced across with fishing-rods; there were a comfortable turf fire, a settle, and a smiling hostess, whose invitation was not inspired by expectations of a gratuity, but by the noble spirit of true hospitality, and who anxiously urged upon them butter-milk and potato-cake.

"Do you live here alone?" asked the lady in glasses—the spokeswoman.

"No, me lady. I live with me husband and me father-in-law. They do be all day boating in the season."

"Have you good health here?"

"Tis the most wholesome place I ever put me foot in."

"And what do you do with yourself?"

"Faix, not much, me lady. I rear a few chickens and sell them in the town; an' I redd up the house, and send the childer to school; and I do make the hay and dig the praties when Donal and himself are too throng—"

"Your house seems real snug and comfortable," said the lady, looking about. "That's a 'cute little jug you have over there—I mean the one on the second shelf—the blue one. It looks like an old thing."

"By my faith, it is so! Donal's mother had it, and

and placing them in Mrs. Leary's palm; "and here is sixpence for the little girl. What's her name?"

"Kathleen, me lady. Arrah, Kathleen! Will ye take yer finger out of yer mouth and say 'Thank ye' to the lady? Faix, she is ready enough with her gab at other times, but she is a bit shy in herself afore quality. Shall I paper it up, me lady?"

"Well, if you can manage it, you may as well, thank you."

So the little blue jug, which had lived on the dresser for twenty-eight years, had not even a moment in which to take leave of its twin or of the gorgeous green and yellow plate, but was wrapped up in a ragged bit of the *Cork Constitutional*, and handed over to the American lady, who, sped with half-a-dozen curtsies and a profusion of thanks, carried it away in triumph. That evening, as Mrs. Blatt and her cousin sat among other lady tourists in the drawing-room of the hotel, she produced and exhibited her treasure-trove.

"I found this in a Kerry cabin," she explained. "Is it not a cunning little jug? I fell in love with it and bought it right away."

The little blue jug was handed round from one lady to another. To-night was the zenith of its career! This



"That's a 'cute little jug you have over there."

another highway, common to turf and seaweed carts, and occasional jaunting-cars, to where the ground rose, finally they found themselves in a glen. They had come from Cahirciveen, and were going on the next day via Parknasilla to Glengarriff, Cork, Queenstown, New York, and they were resolved to see all that was possible in the limited time. Everything struck them as delightfully fresh and novel—the tall, black-haired girls, with their shawls over their heads, the tame little cows, and the sociable white pigs, who curled their tails into tight knots, and cantered along beside them for miles.

One of these ladies wore glasses, and carried a little note-book in which she made brief entries from time to time. The bracken, the heather, the fuchsia hedges, the noisy mountain streams, and the curly headed children, who only understood Irish, all claimed her attention. At the half-door of one of the roadside cottages stood a remarkably pretty little girl, with clouds of fair hair and a pair of shy blue eyes.

They paused and spoke to her, and asked her name, how old she was, and if she went to school.

"Won't yer ladyships give yerselves the trouble to come in and take a sate?" said Mrs. Donal, appearing suddenly behind her little daughter, and dropping hasty curtsies.

Their ladyships smiled acquiescence, glad of the opportunity of visiting the interior of an Irish cabin in an out-of-the-way part of the kingdom.

her 'gran' afore her. It's a quare shape; maybe you'd like to see it?" And Mrs. Leary took it down and gave it a dust with her apron.

"Yes, it's rather quaint, eh, Sarah?" handing it on to her friend. "I should like to have it."

"I'd give it to you wid a heart and a half, my lady, and kindly welcome to it, but it belongs to the Dada."

"Perhaps he might be inclined to part with it. Is he here?"

"No; and he won't be back till to-morrow night. He is away to the Skellegs with a party."

"And we go on by coach, at nine o'clock. Do you think he will sell it?" resumed Mrs. Blatt. "I should like to take it with me as a souvenir of these parts—and it is an unusual shape."

"I cannot rightly say whether he would sell it or not; the Dada is terribly fond of the shillings, and sets no store on crockery whatever. He'd do a dale for half-a-crown," she admitted; "and I'd lay me life he'd be well contented wid three shillings. There was wunst a pair of them—ye see?" producing the other, "but it's bruk."

"Well, I am quite ready to give you what you ask for it," said the lady in spectacles, slowly bringing out her purse. "If you think your father will be satisfied."

"Thank you, me lady—I'm sure he will be terribly satisfied. Shall I give it a wash first?"

"No, thanks, never mind," handing out three shillings

rich little blue jug had never before been in such fine society, nor so much admired in the whole course of its existence. Finally, it was carried upstairs and carefully packed away pending its approaching journey.

Late the following afternoon Martin Leary returned, weary-armed and stiff. His cup (or jug) of happiness was now full! That same night, when Donal and family had flocked up the ladder to bed, he put his hand up the chimney, sought out his bit of wire, in order to add the last note to his familiar stock. Then he went to the dresser—but where was the blue jug? He rubbed his eyes. He searched about softly in his stocking feet, he lifted everything separately and carefully off the shelves. At last, unable to bear the suspense any longer, he stood at the foot of the loft-ladder, and roused the sleepers with a loud call—"Donal! Bridge, come down!" His voice sounded strange and hoarse.

In a few moments Mrs. Donal—but half awake—in a linsey petticoat, and her hair tumbling over her face—appeared.

"What is it, Dada?" she asked; "is it sick ye are? Whatever ails ye?"

Martin looked unlike himself—his eyes wore a terror-stricken, strained expression, his tanned face had taken an ashen shade, and was twitching nervously.



"It's the jug I'm wanting," he said, pointing a trembling finger towards a certain vacant spot; "what's gone wrong with the little blue jug?"

"Why, thin two ladies as was passing 'ere yesterday come in and tuk a terrible fancy to it, and as I knew ye wer not set on it, and it was no manner of use at all, beside having a crack in it, I let them have it for three good shillings, which I've got for ye. I knew you'd rather have the money nor the jug anny day."

"The money!" screamed Martin, dashing the candlestick on the floor, and seizing Biddy by the arm. "Where are they—thin ladies?"

"I believe they went off on the coach yesterday morning—they were going back to America—leave go of me, Dada—will ye leave go! Donal," she screamed, "come down, yer Da is losin' his raisin." But Martin had lost his senses, and fainted dead away in a sort of fit in the middle of the kitchen floor.

By daylight Martin, accompanied by Donal and Biddy, was sufficiently recovered to crawl down the three miles to Waterville, and ere the hotel was well open, he was clamouring "to see them ladies that had bought a jug off av his daughter, for it was all in a mistake, and he'd sooner part with his two eyes an' his right hand than that same bit of crockery—"

The proprietor assured Martin that the two ladies and a maid had left by the nine o'clock coach the previous morning; and a talkative chambermaid declared she remembered them bringing home a jug, but as likely as not, they were on the sea now. "Maybe in *that*," and she pointed to one of the Atlantic liners, which at the moment was swiftly passing the mouth of the bay.

"Sure, after all, Martin mabouchal, it was no great value," said a policeman, who happened to be standing by.

"Value, man alive! It had every penny I own in the wide world inside of it—one hundred and eight pounds! I kep' me money there note by note—as safe as a bank this five-and-twenty year—and now Biddy has gone and got shut av it for three shilling. God!" he screamed. "If I don't get it back, I'll destroy myself—or some wan!" And he staggered against the wall, struggling with the awful terror that had laid hold of him.

One hundred and eight pounds! No wonder Martin the Miser was beside himself! So that was where he kept his money—in a jug. His hearers had increased and thronged open-mouthed round the entrance of the hotel. The proprietor, and a sympathetic Englishman, who pitied the stricken man, sent off a wire to Queenstown in pursuit of the two ladies; but the answer, which came back in half an hour, and which Martin breathlessly awaited, stated that the "*City of Paris*" sailed at five o'clock. Another message was despatched to await her arrival at New York. It cost seven shillings and sixpence—and was paid for by the English angler who was one of Martin's most constant patrons. It ran as follows: "Blatt.—Return contents jug—Martin Leary, Waterville."

In eight days the reply was received, and instantly made known. It consisted of but two words—"Jug empty."

This proved a fatal message to Martin Leary, who had

hitherto been buoyed up with delusive hopes and now went wrong in his head, and became so violent that Donal and a neighbour were obliged to take him away into Cahirciveen Workhouse on his ass's car; Bridget, who followed on foot, uttering loud lamentations, and pausing to relate all her woes to everyone whom she met and accosted her. "What on the living earth will I do at all? Sure, didn't I sell away wan hundred and eight pounds for three shilling"—she wailed. "Sure, an' I never suspicioned as me Dada kept a fortune standing on the dresser in the belly av an old blue jug. I sould it to a snipe-faced Yankee. Paix, she lost nothing over *that* bargain—but Martin Leary hero has lost his mind!"

The real truth about the missing fortune was this. Mrs. Blatt, when she arrived at the hotel, had handed her treasure trove over to her maid with a request that she would wash it carefully, and the maid, having examined it with

from Queenstown with a heavy pocket and a light heart. May Nemesis remember her!

As for Martin Leary, the blow had killed him; the spring of his existence was broken. He emerged from the lunatic ward of the workhouse a bent, half-imbecile wreck of what he had been a few months previously. He maundered incessantly to those who would listen to him, about his bit of land and cows, and the grand apple-trees and currant-bushes in his garden, and the finest spring of water in the whole side of the country. On this topic he would ramble on interminably as he sat over the turf-fire, gazing into the flames. Never again did Martin Leary take down a fishing-rod or launch a boat; and those who would rouse him, and whispered of a "great Torching" take in the Cumeragh, addressed themselves to deaf ears.

It was generally believed that Martin's mind had given way—the result of eating too much salt fish,

which is said to account for the increase of insanity in some parts—and that the story of the fortune in the blue jug was just as much a parcel of nonsense as all his other balderdash about the farm of eight acres, the tight little house, and the elegant Kerry cows. Or, maybe, he had been giving annoyance to the fairies, and digging ground or cutting trees where he had no call to be doing either. Whatever the cause, Martin's mind was becoming dimmer every day, and his bodily health was leaving him simultaneously with his wits. The only thing he cared for was the broken fellow of the blue jug, and this was his favourite toy in his second childhood; the miserable old man would hold it in his languid hands, and gaze at it fondly for hours. Finally, he took to his bed, and when it became evident that he was going fast, the priest was sent for to administer the last sacraments, and the dying man's mind leapt up into a bright flash—the final gleam before life expired.

"Donal," he said, in a loud strong voice, "ye mind where yer granddada lived—the last house before the water-fall—up beyond Lough Mona, it's only four bare walls,

bury me on the little hill above it, under the old thorn-bush." But Martin's last wish was naturally looked upon as "more of his quare mad notions," and he was duly laid in consecrated ground beside his wife and kindred. The Learys could not afford a stone, so they put a black wooden cross at the head of the grave, and Kathleen (his favourite grandchild) carried up the little blue jug full of wild flowers and placed it at the foot of his grave. The small holding on the hill—the subject of Martin's futile ambition and long, agonised strivings—has relapsed once more into solitude and neglect. The garden is overgrown, the roof of the pigsty has fallen in, the running stream is choked; perhaps the wandering cattle and goats miss the busy figure to which time had accustomed them, perhaps not! At any rate, Martin Leary, of the fruitless ambition, is almost entirely forgotten, and has faded out of people's minds.

The cross over his grave in the churchyard has long rotted down to a mere stump, but if you were to look very carefully among the long grass and nettles, you might yet find a few fragments of a little blue jug.



"The money!" screamed Martin.

ill-disguised contempt, discovered that it was stuffed with paper. This she hooked out by means of a considerable outlay of patience and a bonnet-pin. It proved to be a thick roll, tightly tied with a bit of fishing-gut. She was about to toss the whole packet into the grate, when something in the *feel* of the parcel arrested her attention. In a second she had pulled off the string, and recognised bank-notes! These she counted over with feverish haste—all for one pound each—all dirty, fingered, and reeking of peat-smoke. Hearing her mistress coming she hastily thrust the bundle into her pocket, and proceeded to wash the jug, previous to its exhibition in the drawing-room.

Early the following morning maid and mistress departed on the coach for Cork, and here, previous to embarking, the former carried the notes to a bank, explained that she was on the point of embarking for America, and changed the paper into gold.

"What a windfall!" she said to herself as she sewed the sovereigns into a little chamouis-leather bag. "The horde of some dirty old Irish beggar." She had taken notes to far more purpose than her mistress, and sailed





1. Frontier Amenities: A Ghilgai shot at Karappa attended by the Staff of a Native Field Hospital.  
2. Fort Lockhart from the Hornwork: Guard-mounting Parade of 2nd Battalion 2nd Gurkhas.

3. The Samana in Winter; Looking from Fort Lockhart westward towards Saragari.  
4. Interior of Gulistan (Fort Cavagnari) from Officers' Mess.  
5. Rebuilding Shinwari Post: Punjabi Masons at Work on North Wall.

WINTER SCENES IN NORTH-WESTERN INDIA.

From Photographs by Lieutenant Danbury, R.E., Roorkee.



# THE SAMOAN CRISIS: BRITISH AND UNITED STATES WAR-SHIPS AT APIA.

*Photographs by Symonds and Co., Portsmouth.*



H.M.S. "GOLDFINCH" (SCREW GUN-BOAT).



H.M.S. "TAURANGA" (TWIN-SCREW CRUISER).



H.M.S. "WALLAROO" (TWIN-SCREW CRUISER).



THE U.S. CRUISER "PHILADELPHIA."



## EVENTS OF THE DAY.

Events at Samoa move slowly and painfully. The rebellion of Mataafa against the decrees of the English and American authorities has not been a rose-water one, nor could its suppression be achieved without much loss of life and destruction of property. The *Tauranga* has joined the *Porpoise*, the *Goldfinch*, and the *Royalist*; the *Walkeroo* has come from Australasian waters; and the presence of the *Philadelphie* has proved how splendidly English and American sailors can work together. The armed cutters from the *Tauranga* and the *Porpoise* had destroyed some forty or fifty of Mataafa's boats and several of his villages when the skirmish took place in which Lieutenant Angel Freeman, of the *Tauranga*, who was in command, and Lieutenant Lansdale and Ensign Monaghan, of the *Philadelphie*, lost their lives. Captain Sturdee was absent at the time on another expedition, in which the *Porpoise* was engaged. These and other losses made the quelling of Mataafa and the crowning of Malietoa Tanu an imperative matter. Yet even then Germany held aloof; and Berlin approved the attitude of her halting representative at Apia.



Photo. Symonds, Portsmouth.  
COMMANDER STURDEE, OF THE "PORPOISE."

stated that Mataafa's provisional Government, having been recognised by the united Powers of England, America, and Germany, could not be deposed without the sanction of Germany, not then officially given. Local irritation is increased by the fact that the ambush in which the gallant English and American sailors lost their lives was planned in the garden of a German; and, besides, the German Consul sent a sermon on humanity to the English and Americans because a friendly native carried through Apia on his spear the head of an enemy—a barbaric rite common to the natives, but already denounced by Captain Leslie Stuart, in command of the *Tauranga*. All circumstances considered, it is just as well that England and America are so strongly represented in Samoan waters.

Commander Frederick Charles Doveton Sturdee, of the *Porpoise*, entered the Navy as a cadet in July 1871, and became a midshipman in 1873. He was promoted lieutenant in 1880, and while holding that rank on board the *Hecla* served at the bombardment of Alexandria and through the Egyptian War. He holds the Egyptian medal, the Alexandria clasp, and the Khedive's bronze star. In 1893 he was appointed Assistant to the Director of Naval Ordnance; in 1897 he was appointed to the *Porpoise*. Twice, in 1886 and again in 1894, he won the gold medal of the Royal United Service Institution.

The old friendship between Queen Victoria and Empress Eugénie does not fail. Her Majesty, accompanied by Princess Henry of Battenberg, drove the other day from Nice to Cap Martin, and took luncheon with the ex-Empress. The historical piquancy of that close affection is sufficiently obvious; and it may well have received a new point the next day, when, during a drive near Cimiez, the Queen, by a rare sunset effect, saw the snow-capped peaks of Corsica, the birthplace of Bonaparte, spread out in panorama before her eyes. On the same day, as it chanced, the Prince of Wales went to the theatre in Paris to applaud Coquelin's presentation of the First Napoleon.

There are nearly a million more women than men in England and Wales. That momentous majority is set forth in the latest returns of the Registrar-General, which put the total population as it was at the end of 1897 at a little over thirty-one millions. The Diamond Jubilee year, it seems, was a year of much marrying and giving in marriage—more so than any year since 1876. There were sixteen persons

married out of every thousand of the population, Warwickshire leading the way, giving points to London even, and Rutlandshire lagging far behind. All the same, while first marriages are looking up, in second marriages there has been a marked and steady decline during the last quarter of a century. Nearly one-fourth of all the marriages twenty-four years ago were second ones on the part of either the bridegroom or the bride; now they form but one-sixth; and men must be disconcerted to see it is the widow and not the widower who most commonly avoids the second adventure.

Judges are very unlucky in the matter of carriage accidents. Like Mr. Justice Darling, Mr. Justice Cozens-Hardy has been upset in a street collision within a few weeks of his elevation to the Bench. Happily, no worse results than a shaking occurred in either case, so the Courts can make their joke and say that refractory horses should be punished for "contempt," having hastily arrogated to themselves, in regard to these learned Judges, the functions of the Appeal Court by "reversing" them.

Another sign that "the young man" is the ruling force of the day may be found in the fact that the Duke of Devonshire contemplates retirement at the age of sixty-six—an age at which statesmen have hitherto been held to be in their prime. The Duke of Devonshire, according to report, has not felt happy ever since Mr. Balfour made his speeches in favour of the State endowment of a Roman Catholic University in Ireland; and it is an easy thing to disenchant with public life a man who has always felt for it a latent inaptitude. Circumstance and persuasion, rather than inclination



Photo. Symonds and Co., Portsmouth.  
THE SAMOAN CRISIS: H.M.S. "PORPOISE" (TWIN-SCREW CRUISER), STATIONED AT APIA.

or taste, led Lord Hartington into politics in the year 1857, and have kept him there ever since. He began his official life in 1863 as a Lord of the Admiralty; and there are few things in which the present Lord President of the Council has not had his say since then. His announcement, therefore, to the people of Presteign that "he is entertaining thoughts of retirement from politics," foretells one of those interruptions in the habitualness of daily politics which are always resented or deplored, unless decreed by death. Forty-two years of devotion is no light record, however; and the public may well forego the services of even its greatest favourites after a career as long and as distinguished as the Duke of Devonshire's has undoubtedly been. Lord St. Aldegonde—a character Disraeli was supposed by some to study from Lord Hartington—once complained that Sunday was a dull day—especially Sunday in the country. In many a country-house last Sunday was made all the more a dull day, in the gravest sense of the term, by the news that the Duke of Devonshire—who has obviously nothing personal to gain by prolonging his political life—is about to relinquish the political honours and burdens that have been his for nearly half a century.

The Mass of Thanksgiving for the Pope's recovery, and also in commemoration of his coronation, was sung in St. Peter's on Sunday, in presence of an enormous congregation. The Pope himself read out the benediction—very tremulously, no doubt; and he was afterwards carried from the church, blessing as he went the kneeling multitude, who greeted him with cries, that must have sounded strangely and perversely on his aged ears: "Long live Pope Leo XIII.!"

The terror of fire in immense flats is an ever-present one, and only a hint of the horror is presented by the outbreak last Monday at Hyde Park Court, the vast pile that rears its head eleven storeys high at Knightsbridge. The day was windless; the time was that of full morning light, and the fire broke out at the top of the building, and not at the base. Those conditions, all so favourable, allowed the firemen to get the flames under control without loss of life, and with only the top storeys destroyed. Even so, the servants on the top floors had to drop for their lives on to a balcony below, and were rescued with difficulty by fire-escapes that were hardly long enough for their task. Passengers from Piccadilly going westward met hansoms containing "fares" with scared faces and hastily donned costumes, who sought the shelter of neighbouring hotels. These were fugitives from the high floors. Lower down in the burning building people had begun a stampede with as much of their property as could be hurriedly removed when the energies of innumerable firemen turned the flame to smoke and the smoke to a faint film of steam.



Photo. Symonds and Co., Portsmouth.  
THE SAMOAN CRISIS: H.M.S. "ROYALIST" (SCREW CRUISER), STATIONED AT APIA.



The five-storeyed pagoda, reproduced in the Illustration, which is practically a tower on the highest part of the city wall of Canton, at present is unoccupied, and used mostly as a point from which tourists can obtain a good view over the city, the winding river beyond crowded with craft of every description, and the White Cloud Mountains in the distance. During the British occupation of Canton in 1860 this played a much less peaceful part, being used as a barrack by the British troops, who were stationed in Canton, to overawe the Chinese. It is now of special interest, as British troops have again been despatched to Canton from Hong-Kong, on account of disturbances, caused by our taking over the newly acquired territory round Hong-Kong. Our troops will now probably be camped on the Shameen, an island given over for European residence, and separated from the city by a canal. The ground outside the city wall, near the Pagoda, has been used by the Chinese for ages as a burial-place. On lower ground is situated the celebrated "City of the Dead," where the bodies of richer Chinese lie in state before they are borne to their horse-shoe-shaped graves. The expenses of this ceremony are considerable, and if they cannot be defrayed the coffins are kept in pawn till redeemed by the relatives. The examination hall shows one of the peculiar features of Chinese official examinations. At stated periods would-be candidates for Government employment assemble at the chief towns of each district to undergo examination. These frequently number several thousands. During the examination each candidate is locked up in a separate cell, measuring about three feet by four feet,



Photo: F. W. Ferguson, Valparaiso.

MEETING OF THE ARGENTINE AND CHILIAN PRESIDENTS ON BOARD THE CHILIAN BATTLE-SHIP "O'HIGGINS."



Photos. supplied by Major Hamham, R.A.

EXAMINATION HALL AT CANTON, SHOWING THE STUDENTS' CELLS.

for periods of three days and upwards. He has to eat, sleep, and write in this confined space, with one board to use as a seat and one as a table, and is not allowed out on any pretext whatever. Food is passed in to him through a hole in the wall. Frequent cases have occurred in which candidates have died in their cells, owing to excitement and discomfort. The examination consists mostly of essays on the works and sayings of Confucius, which, if well done, are supposed to qualify a man for any possible occupation—soldier, sailor, judge, anything! The successful students at local examinations then go for their final trial to Peking, where the same thing is gone through again. The competition is very severe, and candidates frequently go up year after year, till they become quite old men. The cells number several thousands, and are arranged in long rows. Soldiers are placed about the court to see that the rules are complied with. The characters on the cells indicate the places of individual candidates.

The boundary question between Chili and Argentina has now been under consideration by the representatives of these two republics for some time, and relations have in consequence been rather strained. The boundary was determined in 1881, and was afterwards revised and confirmed; but the actual marking of the boundary-line still remains to be done. During August and September of last year negotiations were carried on towards a settlement, and it was agreed to refer the points of difference to Great Britain for arbitration. On March 10 the Conference regarding the Puñá de Atacama boundary closed, and on the 12th the commissioners met the arbitrator. On March 20 the International Conference met at the United States Legation at Buenos Ayres. The award was given on the 24th, part of the Argentine and part of the Chilean boundary-lines being recognised. Our Illustration represents the meeting of General Roca, President of the

Argentine Republic, and of Señor Errazuriz, President of Chili, on board the Chilean battle-ship *O'Higgins* off Punta Arenas, in the Straits of Magellan. General Roca was elected President last June; Señor Errazuriz was installed last September.

Spaniards are determined to serve their country. There are to be four thousand candidates for the four hundred seats in the Cortes at the forthcoming General Election. Spaniards are often spoken of as politically inert, and Englishmen as politically alert. But it would not be possible to find ten men in an English constituency eager to go to the poll with only one chance out of ten chances in their favour. Our present electoral machinery would not bear the strain, and that of the Spaniards must be particularly elastic if it does not anywhere snap in the impending process.

It is not often that colleges can claim the honours of martyrdom. The University College of Wales comes near to doing so by its renunciation, in the cause of religious liberty, of a sum of £15,000. This tidy fortune was left to it for the purpose of endowing a scholarship to be held by a Welshman who was not to be a Unitarian or a Roman Catholic. The College, being unsectarian, shied at the conditions, and, on being told by Mr. Justice North that it must take them or leave them with the money, decided to forego the sovereigns and the excommunications both together.



FIVE-STOREY PAGODA AT CANTON, WHERE THE BRITISH TROOPS WERE GARRISONED DURING THE CHINESE WAR.





YACHTING IN THE MEDITERRANEAN.

*Drawn by Hal Hurst.*





THE CROMWELL TERCENTENARY, APRIL 25: SCENES IN HUNTINGDON, THE PROTECTOR'S BIRTHPLACE.





ELIZABETH CLAYPOLE WARNING HER FATHER, OLIVER CROMWELL, NOT TO ACCEPT THE CROWN.

*From the Picture by Julius Schickel.*



## LITERATURE.

## NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

*The History of Corsica.* By L. H. Child. (Unwin.)  
*The Great Salt Lake Trail.* By Colonel Henry Inman and Colonel William F. Cody. (Macmillan.)  
*The Life of Admiral Sir William Robert Mends, G.C.B.* By Bowen Stiles Mends. (Murray.)  
*China.* By Professor Robert K. Douglas. (Unwin.)  
*On Centenaries and the Invention of the Human Race.* By T. E. Young, B.A. (Charles and Edward Layton.)  
*British Rule and Modern Politics.* By the Hon. Albert S. G. Canning. Smith, Elder, and Co.  
*Paul Lange and Tora Larsberg.* By Björnsterne Björnson. Translated by H. L. Brackstad. (Harper Brothers.)  
*At Dawn and Dusk.* By Victor J. Daley. (Bowden.)  
*A Mariage de Convenience.* By C. F. Keary. Fourth Edition. (Unwin.)

Seneca was certain that no good could come out of Corsica. Revenge, plunder, lying, and denial of the gods were the four crying crimes of the natives. It was a sweeping and intemperate charge. Corsica has done some considerable side-deeds in history. It defeated a Moorish general, gave Carthage aid in crucial days, made Romanish prey again and again, was a hunting-ground of knight-errantry, went to gallant fights for independence against the Genoese and the French, and produced some remarkable characters long before it was the birthplace of Napoleon. Its passions and tragedies were a vivid chapter—given the fit historian. "The History of Corsica," by Mr. L. H. Child, is well-meaning and sympathetic, but it knows no more soul than a school-book.

In American parlance, Colonel Henry Inman and Colonel William F. Cody ("Buffalo Bill") are "cute." They have evolved a fairly interesting, liberally illustrated book on the really thrilling theme, "The Great Salt Lake Trail," but in a considerable degree it is merely interesting patchwork. Quotation—marks are as large an institution in the offering as either scouts or Indians. Making honest acknowledgment, the Colonels help themselves smilingly to good rich slices of old records and new. "One eminent author, Mr. John B. Dunbar, very correctly says," they remark, and they "take in" a page from Mr. John B. Dunbar. Mr. George P. Belden has described "some of the operations and personal adventures" of the United States expedition sent in 1863 to chastise the Sioux chief, Spotted Tail. Our Colonels quote some thirty pages from Mr. Belden. "Bancroft truthfully observes"—and we are privileged forthwith to have the truthful observations of Bancroft. Much folk-lore, too, is attended par. by par. with quotation-marks, like obedient little pages, though no authors or collectors are named. The Colonels, of course, write several things themselves, but they don't seem "tired" at the close—their very last chapter, by the way, is almost all quotation. A footnote, however, is entirely original! Their subject, it need hardly be said, is one of the seven historic trails that cross the great plains of the interior of their continent, and its name is associated with legion trials, adventures, and marvels of endurance. Few people ever got over it so easily as the Colonels.

"The Life of Admiral Sir William Robert Mends," late Director of Transports, by his son, Mr. B. S. Mends, belongs to the minute and affectionate order of family memoirs. A good deal of the correspondence, official and even formal as it is occasionally, possesses but a limited private interest. The fullest and frankest chapters concern the Crimean struggle, and are mainly made up of the letters of Mends to his wife from the seat of war. Their burden is a mismanaged campaign, and the strictures on Lord Raglan are quite as one-sided as too many of those made by outsiders in the England of the day. No doubt the Commander showed traces of military office formalism, but the references to his alleged inexperience in the field are rather strange, to say the least, when one thinks that he won distinction at Badajos and lost an arm at Waterloo. The French on the spot and the English authorities at home were to blame for many things laid here to Lord Raglan's charge, while the greater side of his Crimean work has not justice done it. That the subject of this book did not see the facts in their true light in later life, when issues and factors not clear in the Russian arena in the mid-'fifties were made plain, is a marvel. His son, the writer, seems equally at sea. It must be added that the view expressed of Lord Raglan personally is extremely sympathetic, but that is far from being sufficient in the circumstances. It appears from the volume that the extent of the services of Mends himself in the Crimea was not fully and justly recognised by the outside world at the time. There is no doubt—turning to general matters—that as his son says, whatever Mends set his hand to, he "did it with his might"; as midshipman, first lieutenant, flag-captain in the Black Sea, and so on, his letters give the sense of directness and thoroughness, though not always a judicial spirit. The Admiral left the materials, his own view of the stages of his life, but his son has not made them biography, though the spirit in which he performs his task is a devoted one. Mends saw many changes in the navy he loved, and there was a fitting dramatic accompaniment to his end at the age of eighty-five. In his house overlooking the Solent he saw the gathering of the vast fleet called together to celebrate the Diamond Jubilee, and within a few hours of the firing of the royal salute on June 26, 1897, he passed away.

The "China" which Professor R. K. Douglas has contributed to "The Story of the Nations" is scarcely worthy of a writer of his information and authority. Portions of his previous work on this favourite theme would lead us to expect a more special and effective book. In point of fact, it is clear and well-informed so far as it goes, though the author's sense of proportion is not above reproach; but it is the facile work, a few stages above the handbook, which many men, by no means specialists in Chinese questions, could put together without difficulty. Perhaps, however, the desire to conform to the general scope and ideal of the series, not altogether profound ones, as well as the limitations of space, have been against Professor Douglas. The style has as little pretension as the history.

Mr. Young, who was formerly President of the Institute of Actuaries, has returned to the vexed question of centenarianism, which Mr. Thoms, the founder of *Notes and Queries*, dealt with so trenchantly many years ago. Mr. Young is not nearly so sceptical as Mr. Thoms, for he furnishes twenty-two cases of centenarians against Mr. Thoms's four. The book is based on indisputable data, supplied by insurance offices. Mr. Young supplies some curious information, not always in the most scientific way. One of the most curious chapters deals with the age of the Biblical Patriarchs.

Mr. Canning is genial and discursive. In his latest volume he has run over the history of modern Europe in an easy, somewhat old-fashioned way. The best part of his book is that which deals with Ireland, which he understands. On the whole, he is impartial on this subject, and presents the English treatment of Ireland as a curious anomaly, in the face of our ability to govern India, for instance.

In "Paul Lange and Tora Parsberg" Björnson has given us of his best. The translations that have been lately appearing of his fiction have shown his great and forcible genius, yet have revealed him often chaotic and sometimes repulsive. But in this drama he is at his highest level. There is something peculiarly interesting in its theme being dealt with sympathetically by Björnson. It is a political play, and rumour says he himself appears in it in the guise—the only possible one for him—of an ardent neck-or-naught idealist, a man who makes no terms with opponents, to whom all concession savours of the devil. But Arne Kraft is not the hero of the drama; indeed, he is shown in the doubtful position of wounding the hero to the death. In the midst of the wrangle between old plays and new—the old too often represented by conventional artificial things, and the new by ingenious distortion of human life under the name of sex-problems, not a whit less artificial than the other—"Paul Lange" should make a useful diversion. Normal human beings playing their part in the familiar world are the personages. The tragedy is one of temperament, not as tested in the strife of love, but of public life. The plot all turns on the fact that Lange is thin-skinned. Every buffet, every wound, every defeat of fortune has told. He has never turned his back, but his soul is all sore and weary. When the play opens, he is about to go out on the fight for a time, but he is counting prematurely on quiet. A request from a high quarter comes to him, that he will speak a word for a former chief, with whom he is out of sympathy, and with whom his party are now at war, to save him from disgrace. The man is old, and he consents. The high authority promises to recognise the service by appointing him to a post where he will have both honour and peace. Then arises a violent storm. Old foes, disappointed friends, cry "Traitor!" and "Bribed!" So long as the woman he loves is with him, he believes what she says, that he has inward strength enough to weather any storm. But when she goes away for a short space, and when he hears the King will not brave public opinion and keep his promise, he gives in to the fatalistic conviction that he is not strong enough to carry anything through, that principle and public spirit, and intellect and courage—for, with all his sensitiveness, he has that—are of no avail: they do not make the kind of strength necessary for the barbaric contest of politics, where a thick skin is the only possible wear. So he takes his life. The judgment pronounced on Lange is testing to a reader. He will be a dull dog that ponders over the question whether the man's concession was right, as if that were the main point. Björnson has broached a theme far more interesting than that, and dealt with it very humanly, very tenderly.

There are notes of real sweetness in the poems which Mr. Daley has gathered from the various Australian newspapers where they have appeared, and which he has published under the name of "At Dawn and Dusk." Their sentiments are part of the common stock of verse; but the writer has an unusual command of charming metre, and his refinement and restraint have something personal about them, if his thought has not. One or two of the pieces—"Night" and "Love Laurel" (in memory of Henry Kendall)—have given us real pleasure. But, perhaps, the most notable is his song "In a Wine Cellar," which is audaciously patriotic. After declaring that life would be nothing without wine, he bursts out—

No vintage alien  
 For thee or me!  
 Our fount Castalian  
 Of poetry  
 Shall wine Australian  
 None other be!

Mr. Keary's "Mariage de Convenience" has taken its place among the clever novels of the last ten years. It well deserves the success of appearing in a fourth edition, and to such as made acquaintance with it in the first we say that it bears re-reading. Among novels written in the form of letters it has few rivals; but it deserves warmer praise than that for its admirable characterisation and for the lightness and the certainty of its touch. We have always thought it too remorseless. Norris charmed us too completely at first for us to accept his fate with resignation; and after this second perusal, we are again assailed by a doubt whether the sternness of his fortunes was altogether inevitable. Passion accounts for a good deal, and blinds its victims; but could the Norris of the earlier letters—vagabond and Bohemian though he was—have tolerated the vulgarity of Pauline long enough for him to have got into the scrape that put a tragic end to his career? At least it is a sign of the interest the book inspires that we make a protest against the tragedy, and imagine that for so good a fellow (his charm has demoralised us!) there must have been some other way out of the evil than the revolver-shot that saved him from the felon's dock. "A Mariage de Convenience" still remains Mr. Keary's high-water mark. The material of "The Two Lancrofts" was quite as interesting, and there were passages in "The Journalist" very suggestive and original; but as an artistic achievement his earliest work of fiction is the best.

## A LITERARY LETTER.

LONDON, APRIL 20, 1899.

The most interesting literary news is contained in the announcements by two great London daily papers of subscription book projects. Following the *Times* issue of the "Encyclopædia Britannica," the *Daily Chronicle* issue of a Dictionary, and the *Daily Mail* issue of the "Hundred Best Books," the *Daily Telegraph* has at last given us its list of a "Hundred Best Novels in the World," and the *Daily News* almost simultaneously comes out with the announcement of a "Memorial Edition of Charles Dickens's Works." The *Daily Telegraph's* Hundred Novels are not, of course, the best from a literary standpoint, although three capable men of letters, Sir Edwin Arnold, Mr. Traill, and Mr. W. J. Courtney, have given their sanction to the nomenclature. If one work by each author had been taken, and some further authors' names added, the list would have been less open to criticism. But there are five of Dickens's novels, four of Lord Lytton's, seven of Scott's; and thus it would be easy to say that ten of Dickens's or twenty of Scott's might as well have been included as the smaller numbers. Surely "Old Mortality," "The Heart of Midlothian," and "Ivanhoe," which are not in the list, are, any one of them, greater novels than, say, "The Atonement of Ileana Dundas," by Mrs. Lynn Linton, or "Virginia of Virginia," by Amelie Rives!

This is hyper-criticism, and in a popular selection of this kind it was doubtless desirable to have as many authors' names as possible. It is no doubt hyper-criticism, also, to remind the *Daily Telegraph* that Mr. Barrie's "Window in Thrums," Mr. Kipling's "Soldiers Three," Michael Scott's "Tom Cringle's Log," Hughes's "Tom Brown's Schooldays," and even Miss Schreiner's "Story of an African Farm" can be called novels only by a very strange extension of the word's meaning. All this is less excusable, however, than some of the acceptances and exclusions. Sir Edwin Arnold, Mr. Traill, and Mr. Courtney—three potentates of literature—declare that Dr. Holmes's "Elsie Venner" is one of the world's hundred best novels, and that "Don Quixote" is not; they pledge their critical reputations to "Scapegoat's Sporting Tour," by R. S. Surtees, against Le Sage's "Gil Blas." They admit Tolstoy and reject Turgeneff. Henry Cockton's "Valentine Vox" is in their list, but you will look in vain for "Gulliver's Travels," "Clarissa," "Candide," "Rasselas," "The Ayrshire Legatees," and "Consuelo." Now that I have aired my knowledge of at least the names of these books, I heartily wish to the *Daily Telegraph* a quite boundless success with their project. Subscribers for these "Hundred Novels" will become possessed of a treasure-house of imaginative work that will afford infinite enjoyment and no small measure of intellectual and moral stimulus not only to themselves, but to their children's children. It is a mere commercial enterprise, no doubt, but I wish that there were more like it.

With equal heartiness do I wish well to the *Daily News* in its attempt to circulate Dickens's novels. The whole of the novels, Forster's "Life," and a Dickens Dictionary are all to be comprised in nineteen volumes. Dickens was the first editor of the *Daily News*, and there is therefore a natural fitness in his works being issued by the agency of that journal. I hope, moreover, that the step will prove of good omen to the firm of Chapman and Hall, which has a pecuniary interest in the venture. I was examining the last balance-sheet of this firm the other day, and it was not exhilarating reading. If the very handsome profits that are said to have accrued to A. and C. Black by the *Times* issue of the "Encyclopædia Britannica" are repeated in the experience of Chapman and Hall over the *Daily News* issue of Dickens's works, the next balance-sheet of the firm will tell a more cheering story.

Mr. Fraser Rae again returns to the subject of "Junius" in the last number of the *Athenæum*. I find in the advertisement pages of that journal a notification of a number of articles by him and others, treating of that eternal problem. Most of us have the firmest intention of living and dying in the belief that Sir Philip Francis was "Junius"; but, none the less, I wish that the *Athenæum* would publish a book in which they would reprint all that Mr. Fraser Rae and others have written in its pages. This would be a very handy way of studying the *pros* and *cons* of the question.

The editors of our high-class literary weeklies should really be more careful about style. I find that one of them informed us last week that there was to be "a good splash of Cromwell literature towards the end of the month." It is quite true a number of books are in course of publication concerning Cromwell. One of them, "Oliver Cromwell and his Times," by G. H. Pike, has just appeared through Mr. Fisher Unwin; another, treating of Cromwell's military position, is contained in Lawrence and Bullen's "From Cromwell to Wellington," a remarkable series of chapters on twelve great soldiers of the past by twelve capable military experts of the present. Sir Richard Tangye is also to give us a book. The excellent paragraphist, however, should not call this "a good splash." After all is said, Carlyle's "Letters and Speeches of Cromwell," qualified by Mr. C. H. Firth's well-known "Ludlow's Memoirs," and Mr. S. R. Gardiner's History, give most of us a conception of Cromwell which is not likely to be very much modified or changed by the zealous book-making which the tercentenary is producing.

Meanwhile it is very interesting to see Cromwell in fiction in the pages of Scott's "Woodstock," after all that has been written by diligent students during the years since Scott wrote. Although Sir Walter had singularly little sympathy with the Lord Protector, and although he could hardly, with his intense enthusiasm for hereditary monarchy, be expected to be just to his finer qualities, it is really wonderful to recall the way in which he has seized upon many of the essentials in Cromwell's character in the pages of that delightful romance. C. K. S.





STUDIES FROM LIFE AT THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS. No. XVII. A CHILLINGHAM PARK BULL.

By LASCELLES AND CO., 13, FITZROY STREET.

*The white cattle kept by the Earl of Tankerville at Chillingham Park, Northumberland, were long thought to belong to the extinct breed, although they are said to be descended from the same.*



## ANECDOTAL EUROPE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

At the time of writing these lines the curtain has not risen on the new play at the Lyceum; yet I feel certain that whatever else the shortcomings or merits of M. Sardou's work, he has endowed it with at least one striking figure from the dramatic point of view. Naturally, that figure is Maximilien Robespierre himself, who will be represented by Sir Henry Irving. In order to do this, M. Sardou had to violate his own convictions, and to ignore his historical studies and researches; for let me state at once that the celebrated dramatist is one of the greatest authorities in France, or for the matter of that, anywhere, on the period in which the story is laid, and that, therefore, he, better than anyone, is aware of the absolute insignificance of Robespierre for the purposes of modern tragedy or drama. There was not a single episode in Maximilien Robespierre's life, except the leaving of it, that would lend itself to the writing of one scene calculated to stir the emotions of the latter-day playgoer, who refuses to be interested in the designs of ambitious statesmen, the visions of reformers, the heroic deeds of soldiers, unless such designs, visions, or deeds are inspired, modified, abandoned, or baffled by events springing from less exalted motives, such as love, hatred, avarice, vengeance, or the like.

Maximilien Robespierre was wholly impervious to any of those passions; he was a cold-blooded monster, without, perhaps, a definite knowledge of his own monstrous nature. He was the contemptible would-be disciple of a too-much belated master, of whom Napoleon I. said that it would have been better for France if he had never existed. It is worthy of remark that if Napoleon had the reverse of tender towards the memory of Jean Jacques Rousseau, he was equally merciless with regard to himself, for he coupled his own name with that of the author of "Le Contrat Social." Was there any redeeming quality in Maximilien Robespierre? Positively none. He was physically and facially colourless. We can understand the portrayal of an Adonis or an Apollo, of a Quasimodo or a Caliban; the portrayal on the stage of a Maximilien Robespierre is a forlorn hope, unless the dramatist deliberately sets at naught all the accepted and proved testimony. This, I believe, M. Sardou has done; and it will surprise no one—and me least of all—if the experiment should prove a success. But the Robespierre of the Lyceum play is no more the Robespierre of history than *The Illustrated London News* is a collection of Pre-Raphaelite pictures.

Let all this should read like so much irresponsible assertion, I will give chapter and verse for what I stated just now, and will quote M. Sardou himself in the first instance. "Maximilien Robespierre was sobriety itself," he says. "During the latter months of his life he only drank water." This trait will no doubt appeal to the Temperance party; but, sorry as I am to spoil their hero for them, it is necessary to state that Robespierre abstained from strong liquor because he was afraid that even one glass of wine might cause him to commit some indiscretion while talking. Personally, I prefer the voluble tippler. All his contemporaries are agreed that he was ugly to a degree. So was Danton and Marat, and above all Mirabeau; but their ugliness was the ugliness that attracts; Robespierre's was positively without distinction: it left his interlocutors amazed at its lack of distinction.

M. Sardou knows many things; he does not know the following: In the early 'thirties the Comédie Française produced a prose drama, entitled "Camille Desmoulins," which, if my memory does not play me false, was revived at the Porte St. Martin in 1848. At the time of its first production, the data and documents about the First Revolution were by no means as abundant as they have since become. Perrier, the actor who was cast for the part of Robespierre, had the laudable desire of being plastically and physiognomically accurate. He wished, if possible, to find out whether Robespierre had not some facial trick of which he, Perrier, might get hold to enhance the resemblance.

Bertrand Barère, Macaulay's Barère, was still alive, dragging out a poverty-stricken existence in the vicinity of St. Honoré Market, scarcely a stone's-throw away from the home of the Duplays, to the limning of which M. Sardou has devoted the whole of third act. It was decided that Perrier should go and see Bertrand, and Regnier from sheer curiosity accompanied Perrier. Bertrand Barère received both very courteously; but while Perrier was preferring his request for some information about Robespierre, the erstwhile member of the Convention kept his eyes obstinately fixed on Regnier. "You wish to know what Robespierre was like?" he finally said. Then pointing to Regnier, he added, "Here stands Robespierre."

Now, I happen to have known Regnier, and a more uninteresting face off the stage it would be impossible to find. It is too late to tender my advice to Sir Henry; but if he wished to give an exact portrait of Maximilien, he could not have done better than copy a portrait of Regnier. Whether it would be productive of any effect from behind the footlights is another question; for Regnier himself was so thoroughly aware of his colourlessness that by dint of experiments he "manipulated" his features to such an extent as to have been a constant study to his fellow-actors. If anyone doubts it, he had better ask M. Coquelin aîné, who was one of Regnier's favourite pupils.

We have received a copy of the "Hovis" Cycle Road Map and Guide, a serviceable *vade mecum* for wheelmen and wheelwomen. The map, of which there are eight sections to cover the area of England and Wales, has been specially prepared so as to give information of real value to the tourist, and is issued by the Hovis Bread-Flour Co., Ltd. The guide has been compiled from personal knowledge, and all the places to stay at can be recommended, the prices being moderate and the accommodation good. The list of free inflating stations, cycle-repairers, etc., is well up-to-date. The map costs only sixpence.

## CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

**LOGAN HILL (Kent).**—Would you oblige us by sending your problem on a diagram, as they are more likely to receive accurate examination? We do not know the publisher of the work you mention, but you might possibly learn by applying to David Nutt, foreign-book seller, Strand, W.C.

**C. K. BAXTER (Dundee).**—Before calling any problem unsound it might be as well to make sure you have the right solution. B to B 2nd is not intended to give an answer.

**G. S. JANSSEN (Cobham).**—No. 2 can be solved by 1. Q to B 6th, and the other is too simple for our use.

**REDOUF L'HÉBERT (Magdeburg).**—Your problem is very good and shall appear.

**JAMES CLARK (Chester).**—Your problems are hardly suitable for our purpose. They abound in faults.

**Mrs R. H. BURETT.**—Your last contribution appears to be correct, and we shall have much pleasure in publishing the same.

**A. W. DAVIEL.**—Marked for insertion.

**A. H. L. HASTLING (Stafford).**—Problem received, and shall be examined.

**E. S. CAMPBELL.**—We will comply with your request, and you may look for a report shortly.

**CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2861** received from Damocles Chintaman (Tunk, Rajputana); of No. 2862 from S. Subramonia Iyer (Ezra, Madras); of No. 2863 from W. M. Kelly, M. D. (Worthing), Jacob Verrall (Ridmell), Inspector J. T. Palmer (Nelson), C. E. M. (Glasgow), Dr. Goldsmith, C. A. V. Butler (Chiswick), J. Bailey (Newark), E. C. H. (Clifton), and J. Shearer (Sheffield); of No. 2867 from F. J. Gandy (Norwood), Captain J. A. Chaffin (Great Yarmouth), F. Glasvill, W. Pilkington (Pondlington), Eugene Henry (Bexley), T. G. (Ware), Jacob Verrall (Ridmell), C. E. M. (Glasgow), T. O. D. (Dublin), Charles Etherington (Calaia), and W. M. Kelly, M. D. (Worthing).

**CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2863** received from F. Hooper (Putney), S. Davis (Leicester), Rev. A. Mays (Bedford), W. Pilkington (Pondlington), P. Glasvill, F. R. Pickering, G. Hawkins (Camberwell), T. G. (Ware), J. T. Kebob (Aldershot), Eugene Henry (Bexley), Charles Etherington (Calaia), F. Gascoyne (Birmingham), C. E. H. (Clifton), Gerald Todd, C. A. V. Butler (Chiswick), G. S. Ford (Highbury), Sorrento, George Stillington Johnson (Cobham), L. Desanges, J. F. Moon, J. H. Warburton Lee (Whiteburch), H. Le Jeune, B. F. Ford (Cheltenham), R. Worters (Canterbury), Dr. F. St. M. A. Eyre (Folkestone), W. R. B. (Clifton), M. Hobhouse, F. S. (Hampstead), C. W. C. Pope (Dorchester), C. E. Percival, Alpha, J. H. (Exmouth), H. C. Shorter (Sheffield), T. Kates (Burslem), F. Dalby, S. Davis (Leicester), T. O. D. (Dublin), Fred Collins (Battersea), T. Roberts, Miss D. Henson, Richard Murphy (Wexford), W. A. Barnard (Uppingham), C. P. Bedford (Sleaford), and W. Woodin.

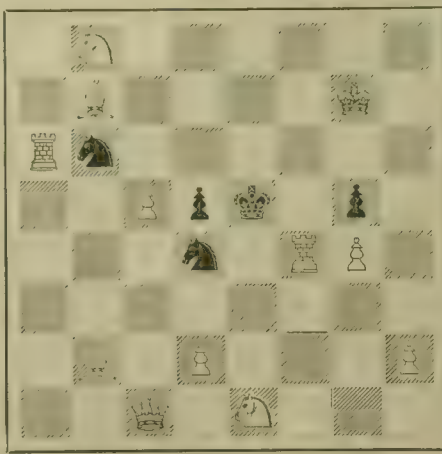
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2867.—By G. A. TENGELEY.

**WHITE.**  
1. R to R sq  
2. Q to Q Kt sq (ch)  
3. Q to B 2nd, mate  
If Black play 1. P to K 4th, 2. Kt to B 5th (ch); and if 1. K to Q 4th, then 2. R to Q 4th (ch), etc.

**BLACK.**  
K to Q 6th  
K takes Kt

PROBLEM No. 2870.—By A. BERMAN (Vienna).

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

## CHESS IN RUSSIA.

Game played by some members of the Moscow Chess Club in consultation against Mr. TSCHOIGORIS.

(Stanov's Opening.)

<b>WHITE (Allies).</b>	<b>BLACK (Mr. T.)</b>	<b>WHITE (Allies).</b>	<b>BLACK (Mr. T.)</b>
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	21. K to R 2nd	P to K 5th
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	22. R (Kt 7th) takes B	B to Kt 3rd
3. P to B 3rd	Kt to B 3rd	23. Kt to Kt 3rd	B to B 2nd
4. P to Q 4th	Kt takes K P	24. Q to Q 4th	Q to B 4th
5. P to Q 5th	Kt to Kt sq	25. Q to Q 4th	Q to Kt 4th
6. B to Q 3rd	Kt to K 2nd	26. Kt to Kt 4th	Q to Kt 3rd
7. Kt takes K P	Kt takes B (ch)	27. Kt to Kt 3rd	Q to Kt 3rd
8. Q takes Kt	B to K 2nd	28. R to K 3rd	Q to Kt 3rd
9. Castles	Castles	29. P to K 3rd	B to Q 6th
10. B to K 3rd	P to Q 3rd	30. P takes P (en passant.)	
11. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q 2nd		
12. Q Kt to K 2nd	P to K 4th		
13. P to Q 4th	P to K Kt 4th		

Any such advance needs to be always well considered. Many things are threatened by the text move, and it will be well to investigate, but ultimately it proved of no effect.

14. R to Q 4th B to B 3rd  
15. B takes B Q takes B  
16. Kt to Q 4th Kt to B 4th

Less seemingly formidable than Kt to R 4th, but it will be seen to have point and purpose.

17. Q to Q B 3rd Kt to R 5th  
18. Q to Kt 4th Q takes Kt  
19. Kt to Kt 4th Q takes Kt P  
20. Q takes Kt P to Kt 5th  
21. P to Kt 5th Q to K Kt 2nd  
22. Kt to Q 2nd P to K B 5th

The City of London Chess Club has just issued its forty-sixth annual report, from which we learn that the past year has been one of unusual prosperity and progress. The new premises have materially helped in producing this result, and there seems no reason to doubt that this and other causes have given the famous old club a new lease of life. The President, Sir George Newman, and the committee are certainly to be congratulated on the success of their enterprise, while a word of praise is no less due to the indefatigable Hon. Secretary, Mr. Walter Russell.

## NOTE.

It is particularly requested that all SKETCHES and PHOTOGRAPHS sent to THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, especially those from Abroad, be Marked on the Back with the Name and Address of the Sender, as well as with the Title of the Subject. All Sketches and Photographs used will be paid for.

## SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

Some time ago, in one of those popular illustrated magazines that cater for the amusement of the public month by month, there appeared a series of photographs representing certain celebrities and their "doubles." Some of the "doubles" were really like their "patrons," if I may use such a term; others only distantly resembled them, but the series of photographs undoubtedly lent some colouring to the idea that every one of us has an *alter ego* somewhere or other in the world. Such likenesses rank among the coincidences of life, which, after all, are perhaps part and parcel of life's warp and woof. In the domain of mental things the same coincidences occur, and there the superstitious explain them by telepathy and other names that are but the tinkling cymbals of ignorance; for they are only names and nothing more, and there is no explanation or wisdom behind them. A thought of mine, one of our ions of one's mental phases, crosses a similar thought among the millions of ideas that are flitting across the brain of somebody else, and we happen to write that thought down, or to give expression to it in some other way, and behold! the speech is quoted as an evidence of some mysterious power whereby I have affected the brain-cells of my neighbour, or whereby he has affected the cells of my brain. It is all coincidence, and the greater wonder, far, would be if such coincidences occurred less frequently, or if they never occurred at all.

But this matter of likeness in features—extending sometimes to little mannerisms and tricks of style—becomes interesting also when we dissect it out and examine it more closely. The whole matter of likeness is a relative one—that is, it bears a strict relation to the person who discovers the resemblance. If A says that I am "like B," what is really meant by that phrase? It may imply that I resemble B closely in face, height, and general build; or it may mean that I resemble him only in a general way, or, lastly, that some little habit, gesture, or action has suggested the likeness to A. One friend speaks of the remarkable resemblance presented by a certain Loy to his father. Another friend at once chimes in with the remark that he fails to see the exact resemblance in point; and a third friend may maintain that the boy favours the mother's side more than that of his father. It is really a matter of the point of view when all is said and done. The resemblance that strikes one man is utterly missed by his neighbour, and the great and abiding principle of the relativity of all our impressions and of all the knowledge founded upon them is thus wisely duly demonstrated.

If it is often a difficult matter to determine the likenesses of the living, it is a still more difficult task to settle the identity of the dead. Anyone who has had experience in a mortuary, or in any other circumstances where the identification of the dead is a matter of moment, will bear me out when I say that mistakes of a very serious character are liable to occur on the part of people who, having been familiar with a living person, are asked to identify him when dead. The records of medical jurisprudence are full of interesting illustrations of the fallacy of the "likeness" question, and of the uncertainty which the work of identification of the dead may involve. Long before the days of the Bertillon method of so closely enumerating the physical points of an individual that he can be picked out by aid of his record from every other human being, the mistakes made in the identity of the living were numerous, and still more frequently were errors in identification of the dead exemplified. There was the case of Elizabeth Ross, tried at the Old Bailey in December 1831 for the murder of an Irishwoman called Caroline Walsh. Walsh, it was proved, had gone to live with Ross and her husband, and on Aug. 19, 1831, Walsh took up her abode in the Rosses' domicile in Goodman's Fields. Her belongings consisted of a bed and a basket, and she used the latter for holding the tapes and other odds and ends that she hawked about by way of making a living. After Aug. 19, no trace of Caroline Walsh was to be found. Ross declared that the woman had left her house on that date—that is, the day of her arrival, and that nothing more had been heard of or from her. But Ross's son declared that Walsh had been suffocated by his mother, and her body "sold to the doctors," and so it came about that Elizabeth Ross had to face a judge and jury at the Old Bailey at the close of the year.

Now intervene the elements of likeness and coincidence. It appears that on Aug. 20 an Irishwoman of the name of Caroline Welsh was found dying in a state of destitution in Goodman's Fields. She was taken to the London Hospital, where she succumbed. The defence pleaded for Ross that the Caroline Welsh of the London Hospital was really the missing Caroline Walsh, and that an acquittal should follow on the establishment of the identity. Witnesses swore to the two women being the same, but the reckoning was to come. For while Walsh came from Kilkenny, Welsh hailed from Waterford. Then while Walsh was eighty-four years of age, tall, pale, and with grey hair, Welsh was only sixty years old, and tall, but of dark complexion. And while Walsh was a clean, tidy old woman, Welsh was dirty, emaciated, and altogether a poor stricken wretch: but the curious fact remained that both women, well-nigh identical in name, were hawkers, both had baskets, and both were dressed very much alike.

In big things, as in the lesser affairs of life, it is often trifles that settle a dispute. The question of likeness in this remarkable case was determined definitely by the fact that while Walsh had a fine set of teeth, in front at least, Welsh's dental arrangements were highly defective. This point, and especially the fact that Welsh's teeth had been missing for a lengthened period, settled the doubts of the jury, which were further resolved by certain relations of Walsh denying that the remains of Welsh were those of their grandmother. Ross duly paid the penalty of her crime, but she made a strong fight for life on this very question of likeness, which in ordinary life is often so confusing.





ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL: THE FINAL CUP TIE AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE ON APRIL 15.



## LADIES' PAGE.

## DRESS.

New toques are made of a sort of lace or open work in fine straw, and rise very high to the left side of the front, sitting on the hair without any brim at all, the puckered-up straw constituting the whole shape; a twist and bow of ribbon at the left side both trims and raises the hat and



A WALKING GOWN OF DARK CLOTH.

tips it towards the right, and the whole is placed well forward on the forehead. A characteristic feature of the style is that a very huge flower appears resting on the hair, just visible from the front. Roses the size of peonies and life-like water-lilies are favourite floral decorations on these and other chapeaux. A new (or rather a revived) shape that comes from Paris is a small open poke front bonnet, sitting close to the head at the side, but having the brim standing up well above the brow, where it is lined with a delicate coloured silk, and has a few flowers tucked away to the back of it. Two models seen were respectively in black chip, with a rose-pink lining and two or three tiny roses poked inside, and with a big rose and a bow of black and pink reversible ribbon on the crown; and in blue-and-white straw with china-blue silk linings, and corn-coloured chiffon rosettes and upstanding bluetts for trimming outside. The wide tulle turban-shapes, often seen with sequin embroideries on the crowns, and always with rather rampant feathers for trimming, falling over the brims either to the back or quite in front, are as conspicuous really as a "poke," but cease to be so by being much worn.

Black velvet, by the way, is placed on many of the lightest of the Parisian confections, and looks well in all companionship. Many good models I saw in one of the King's Road, Brighton, establishments, where Paris models of the best class are as easily found as anywhere in London. The hat to which I trotted myself there is a round shape of fine black chip, with a turned-up turban brim that is almost concealed by voluminous swathings of violet tulle covered with white lace; this is formed into a wide bow at the right side of the front, the lace there being wired into a shape over the pullings of tulle, and the bow thus made fixed in the centre by a gold and paste ornament, while three large black ostrich feathers rear themselves to the left of the front. Miss Julia Neilson happened to be buying herself a hat in the shop at the same time, but her trailing feathers and wide shapes are her own style, and less tall and graceful women would not care for the black chapeau with long hanging feather almost touching the shoulder that she selected.

It seems as if we are thinking of returning to "curtains" to headgear. Some of the prettiest hats are trimmed to allow an end to fall over the back on the hair. In one case this end was fringed deeply, the toque being of mauve mousseline-de-soie, with the front turned back with gathered folds of the same and a buckle, whence mauve marabout feathers fell and a white ostrich plume waved erect, the scarf of mousseline-de-soie that completed the trimming being edged with white lace and finished off, as I have

said, with a deep silk fringe in mauve that hung on the hair behind. Another was a fine black straw hat with the brim lined with much gathered and puffed black tulle, caught up to the left side to reveal this light and dainty lining perfectly, and trimmed with a sweeping black ostrich feather round the left side, and a big bow of black satin centred by a diamond ornament in the front, and then—the daring finish that gave the *cachet*—a scarf of turquoise-blue crêpe passed round the crown, fully visible on the right side, and was tied at the back in a bow, whence fell ends edged with gold fringe. I wonder if words can give an idea of the *chic* of this combination. Black is combined with every colour; a safe guide for the milliner would be—trim with the gayest colours and lightest fabrics, and then add a couple of cloux of black velvet and a trio of ostrich plumes in the same sable hue. Certainly this has a distinction all its own. For another illustration, take a "picture hat" that I saw; it was in pure white Loughorn straw; it had a wide brim bent into many picturesque curves, and lined with white gauze patterned with tiny rosebuds; twists of mauve velvet edged the brim and surrounded the crown, in company with a scarf of the pink and white gauze—and then, a large knot of black velvet turned it up at the left side and two full black ostrich feathers waved above the bow.

Our Illustrations this week show two of the simple smart dresses that are so much needed in the wardrobe. The first is a gown of light, soft material, one of the many fancy woollens prepared for the season, with narrow frills of itself on both bodice and skirt; bands of sequin trimming construct the shaped trimmings, and a lace vest and scarf of crêpe de chine by way of sash add daintiness to the whole. The other is a dark cloth walking-gown narrowly braided, and having yoke and underskirt in a harmonising fancy material.

## NOTES.

The Duchess of York has not forgotten the lesson of sweet charity that was part of her bringing-up by that kindest of women, her mother. The Duchess recently visited the Princess Mary Village Homes for Girls, and not only extended her patronage in a general way to the charity in succession to that of her late mother, but also adopted as her own special charge one of the youngest little girls, for whose expenses H.R.H. will henceforth be responsible. The Homes were founded specially for the children of convicted prisoners, and in these days of chatter about the irresponsibility brought about by heredity rendering misconduct inevitable, it is refreshing to learn that these children usually turn out well notwithstanding their antecedents. The girls are trained to be domestic servants, and it is at once a testimony to the good reputation they earn for their school and to the crying need for more training schools for domestic workers that the Committee have been obliged to refuse some hundreds of applications for girls to take servants' places during the past year. Mrs. Meredith's Prison Mission, which is under the same management, has a similar tale to tell; there are abundant situations open to women discharged from prison, many of whom do well in their places.

Bright spring weather compels not only dress but also household renovations. The good housekeeper will not relegate this important duty to servants without her own supervision. The dainty refinement of the lady needs to be carried into the tiniest details and most hidden corners of the home from time to time, and only the few very rich women who can employ housekeepers of as much trained and educated refinement as themselves can safely delegate the matter entirely. To those who give due thought to the spring cleaning enterprise various aids are known; and the polish called "Ronuk" is a stand-by to many, and may be commended to the notice of those who have not tried it. It is a paste, not a liquid, and is equally good as a leather reviver or a polish for boards or oilcloth as for ordinary polishing purposes.

Spring cleaning becomes a pleasure when it includes the refurbishing of a room, or the addition of some handsome and charming new piece of furniture and the consequent altering of the general aspect of things. Miss Ellen Terry once confided to an acquaintance that it was her greatest delight to "change the furniture about," and this taste for renewing the surroundings is a very common feminine one. The houseproud woman would rather have

a nice new addition to her home joys than a personal ornament very often. To those who are able to enjoy such a pleasure "right now," let me recommend sending off for Messrs. Hewetson's new illustrated catalogue, which will be forwarded free from their



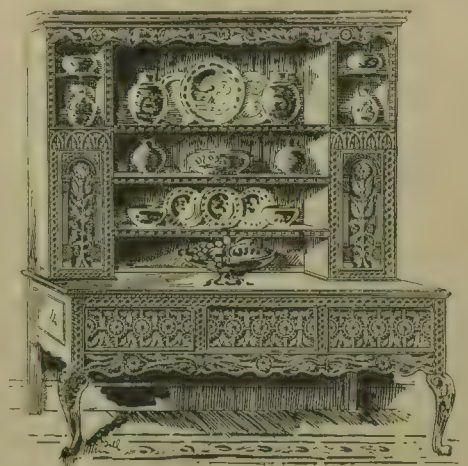
CARVED OAK BUREAU (MESSRS. HEWETSON).

place of business, 200, Tottenham Court Road. Old and modern carved oak are their speciality, nobody else having anything like the same stock in this branch to choose from as they; but they have also all other kinds of furniture, from Chippendale or Dutch Marqueterie down to carpets and china and kitchen requisites, all of which the large and costly catalogue illustrates. Still, it is the oak that is the special feature, and how stately and decorative it is the Illustrations given will help you probably only to form a slight idea. If you are lucky enough to have the chance of fitting up an entire hall or dining-room



A SMART DRESS OF LIGHT SOFT MATERIAL.

in old oak, Hewetson's can undertake the whole thing in its completeness, from the panelling of the walls to the smallest detail of the furniture. These designs range from the homely and quaint simplicity of "a replica of an old Yorkshire dining-hall," with its plain boards for the walls and its delicious ingle-nook and its extensible table, all of which would be not out of place in a modest homestead, up to the most elaborately carved and fitted Jacobean fittings and furnishings for a mansion of state and fame. The prices are remarkably moderate for such handsome articles. The carved oak bureau, fitted inside so as to be as useful as it is decorative, is only five guineas. The dresser is one of many designs, all suited to ornament a dining-room or hall in themselves, and at the same time to display the old china to advantage, which range from very moderate prices upwards, the specimen we depict being



WELSH CARVED OAK DRESSER (MESSRS. HEWETSON).

wonderfully cheap at ten guineas. Very fascinating are the bed-room suites in carved oak. Every fitting can be had in accordance, and one feels that there would be a great sense of repose in the solid beauty of the material and the fine detail of the carving, so suggestive of leisure and care in the workmanship, so lasting and solid in the substance. The same sort of attraction is found in many smaller pieces, such as chairs in many quaint shapes, book-shelves, and coal-boxes. The last word reminds me of the magnificent grates and overmantels. Messrs. Hewetson have a long-standing reputation for this sort of work, for they have on show a beautiful carved buffet, in perfect condition, manufactured by them seventy years ago and in use ever since till recently.

FLORENA.



**THERE IS NO DARKNESS BUT IGNORANCE.**

—SHAKSPERE.

**'WAR IN A CHRISTIAN COUNTRY is a Living Lie!!'**—Times.

# HUMANITY!! LIGHT *versus* DARKNESS.

SHAKSPERE, the Greatest Genius who has ever yet lived, taught the DIVINENESS of FORGIVENESS, of PERPETUAL MERCY, of CONSTANT PATIENCE, of ENDLESS PEACE, of Perpetual Gentleness. If you can show me one who knew things better than this man, show him!! I KNOW HIM NOT!! If he had appeared as a DIVINE, they would have BURNED HIM; as a POLITICIAN, they would have BEHEADED HIM. HE TAUGHT THAT KINDNESS IS NOBLER THAN REVENGE!!'

The Rev. GEORGE DAWSON, M.A.

## NOBILITY OF DUMB LIFE.

*A DOG'S Visit to the Ashes of the Inventor of the Lethal Chamber.*

If NATURE had endowed the DOG with power to cultivate the knowledge of the LETHAL CHAMBER and its Inventor, MANY THOUSANDS would have gathered around the interment of his ashes from SYMPATHY and LOVE. YE LEGISLATORS, ye Civilisers of Mankind,—when it is your duty to do an ACTIVE JUSTICE for



Capital Crime, it should be done without unnecessary pain or suffering, which is now carried out at the Home for Lost and Starving Dogs at Battersea. It could, at least until Capital Punishment is abolished from the Statute Book. Then, with uplifted hands, let all who love humanity devoutly ask for such a BLESSING of LIGHT and MERCY.

*A Rarer Spirit did Never Steer Humanity than the Inventor of the Lethal Chamber.*

**'THE RICH MAN'S GUARDIAN, THE POOR MAN'S FRIEND, THE ONLY CREATURE FAITHFUL TO THE END.'**  
**THE BREAKING OF LAWS, REBELLING AGAINST GREAT TRUTHS.**

Instincts, Inclinations, Ignorance, and Follies. Discipline and Self-Denial, that Precious Boon, the Highest and Best in this Life.

**O BLESSED HEALTH! HE WHO HAS THEE HAS LITTLE MORE TO WISH FOR! THOU ART ABOVE GOLD AND TREASURE!**

*'Tis thou who enlargest the soul and open'st all its powers to receive instruction and to relish virtue. He who has thee has little more to wish for, and he that is so wretched as to want thee, wants everything with thee.'*—STERNE.

**THE JEOPARDY OF LIFE IS IMMENSELY INCREASED WITHOUT SUCH A SIMPLE PRECAUTION AS**

## ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.'

It is not too much to say that its merits have been published, tested, and approved literally from pole to pole, and that its cosmopolitan popularity to-day presents one of the most signal illustrations of commercial enterprise to be found in our trading records.

**THE SECRET OF SUCCESS.**—Such is the object of this work. With a view to the success of the original, many of the most valuable and profitable of abominable imitations are immediately introduced by the unscrupulous, who, in copying the original closely enough to deceive the public, and yet not so exactly as to infringe upon legal rights, exercise an ingenuity that, employed in an original channel, could not fail to secure reputation and profit.—ADAMS.

*The value of ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' cannot be told. Its success in Europe, Asia, Africa, America, Australia, and New Zealand proves it.*

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**PREPARED ONLY BY J. C. ENO, LTD., 'FRUIT SALT' WORKS, LONDON, S.E., BY J. C. ENO'S PATENT.**



## A NEW ROYAL TRAIN.

On Saturday last, the London Brighton and South Coast Railway Company invited the representatives of the Press to attend the trial and inspection of the new royal train which has just been completed at the Company's works at Brighton. The party, under the guidance of Mr. Gooday, the manager of the line, left Victoria Station at 1.50 and arrived at Brighton about 3.15. There the new train was in waiting, and the Company's guests



THE PRINCE'S SALOON.

inspected it under the direction of Mr. Billinton, who has been responsible for the design and execution of the work. The train is certainly a magnificent testimony to his skill and taste. It is composed of five bogie carriages, each 52 ft. long, constructed on frames, giving a total length of 274 ft. The royal saloon occupies the centre of the train, and is divided into two sections separated by a sliding door. One is the Prince of Wales's apartment, the other the Princess's. The Prince's saloon measures 14 ft. 8 in., the Princess's 19 ft. 5 in. in length. The width of both is 8 ft. 9 in., the height being the same. The furniture of the saloon, consisting of luxurious sofas and easy-chairs, is upholstered throughout in dark green morocco. The material and colour were chosen expressly by the Princess herself. The "cosy corner" sofa is a most inviting piece of furniture, and the whole appointment of the saloon is such as to make the visitor desire that such railway travelling could be within everybody's reach. The windows are curtained with brocade of a delicate grey-green shade.

Both sections of the saloon are decorated with finely inlaid panels and specially designed Lincrusta-Walton dados of cream and gold, the woodwork used in other portions being mainly Karri pine, satin-wood, and Cuba mahogany.

The carriages on each side of the royal saloon are fitted each with two saloons 12 ft. long, and end compartments 8 ft. long, and lavatories. These saloons, with seating capacity in all for seventy-two passengers, are severally upholstered in morocco, and grey

and green stamped Utrecht velvet, and plush. The general effect is charming. The total seating capacity of the train and brakes is 130 persons, and the dead weight, exclusive of engine, is 116 tons.

The total cost of the train has been about £8000. The train is lighted by seventy electric lamps, the electricity being provided by a dynamo of forty-three volts worked from the bogie wheels and accumulators carried in one of the brakes.

After the inspection the party enjoyed a run to Eastbourne and back upon the royal train. About six o'clock the Company entertained their guests at the Hotel Métropole, Brighton, Mr. Gooday occupying the chair. The Mayor and Town Clerk of Brighton and the Mayor and Town Clerk of Eastbourne, who had accompanied the royal train, were also present.

Hitherto, no through carriages have run between Hastings and Portsmouth, but the necessity of such a service having been pressed upon the London Brighton and South Coast Company, arrangements have been made for running in each direction, from May 1 next until the end of September, as an experiment, a through express train, to be called the "South Coast Express." It will be composed of bogie carriages, first, second, and third class, and, exclusive of stoppages, will run at a speed of about forty miles an hour.

Among other new departures announced by Mr. Gooday is the projected train between Eastbourne and London, leaving at 11 a.m. and arriving at 12.35. The speed



PART OF THE GENERAL SALOON.

will thus be about forty miles an hour, and this, considering the difficulties presented by the numerous junctions and stations along the line about one every two miles, is the best that can be done at present. In autumn the Company hopes to finish the new deviation line between Coudson and Earlswood. It will then be no longer necessary for Brighton trains to submit to South Eastern signalling on a section of the main line.

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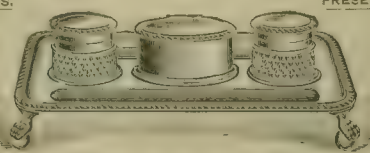


Solid Silver Cigar Lighter, Ash Tray, and Cigar Rest Combination, £1 17s. 6d.



Solid Silver Mounted Cut Glass Scent Bottle, £1.

WEDDING PRESENTS.



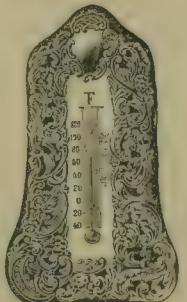
Solid Silver Inkstand, with two bottles and wafer box, Length, 8 in., £6 10s.

COMPLIMENTARY PRESENTS.



Solid Silver Flower Bowl, complete with netting. Diameter 3 1/2 in., £1 5s.

AWARDED NINE GOLD MEDALS.



New Design. Solid Silver Mounted Thermometer, 15s.

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ALL GOODS MARKED IN PLAIN FIGURES.

INSPECTION INVITED.



Solid Silver Cuffing Box, with tongs and lamp complete, £1 17s.

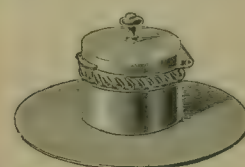
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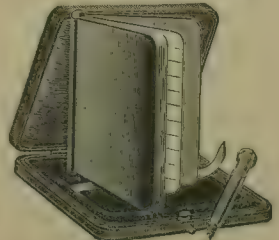


New Design. Solid Silver Mounted Table Mirror, with elaborately pierced border, £3 5s.

NEW AND EXCLUSIVE DESIGNS NOT TO BE OBTAINED ELSEWHERE.



Solid Silver Inkstand, on silver plate. Diameter 4 in., £2 12s. 6d.



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HIGHEST QUALITY. MODERATE PRICES.



New Design. Solid Silver Salt Bottle, complete set, £1 1s.

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Very Handsome Pekoe-Flavoured Tea,  
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The May Pickings, covered with Bloom.

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PART II. DOGS - 77-112

PART III. BIRDS - 113-130

PART IV. CATTLE - 131-170

**NOTICE.**

"THE information contained in 'Accidents and Ailments' is offered as likely to be of assistance in the treatment of such Animals as are indicated by the Title Page, in some instances probably ensuring a complete cure, or at all events a reduction of diseases and alleviation of injuries. Such treatment will be more effectual, through the proper mode of application of Elliman's Embrocation being known, and in these pages treatment is rendered clearer than is possible in a paper of directions wrapped round a bottle.

"It will be apparent that Elliman's Embrocation is not recommended as the sole and exclusive treatment necessary in every case. The decision as to what cases require the services of a Veterinary Surgeon must be left to the discretion of the Owner of the Animal.

"The one aim of the Book is to treat of Ailments where Elliman's Embrocation can be usefully employed, and to offer other information which may be of service."

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... THE "BASKET AND RIBBON" GLAZED CHINTZ ...  
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BOOKS AND  
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**The Original & the Best**

*Be on the alert for PLAYER'S.*

COPY OF TESTIMONIAL.

West Hampstead, N.W.

Gentlemen,—I thought it might interest you to see a Merchant's coloured entirely with your "Navy Cut." It has been smoked for six years, and I may mention that it has never been "faked"—a plan I have tried as a young man, but without success—and the pipe has been fairly smoked through Field, Flood and Storm, with the result you see. I need scarcely say it is much admired, and to the question, so often put, "How did you colour it so evenly?" I have but one reply, viz., "with 'Player's Navy Cut.'" I refrain from going too closely into the question of how much tobacco it has taken to colour it, as I do not wish to frighten myself into the ranks of the "Anti-Tobacco League." I enclose stamps for return of the "Old China," and am sure you will "Take it up tenderly, life it with care," and post some to—  
Yours faithfully,  
(Signed) J. W. B.

Messrs. Player & Co.

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## WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated May 5, 1891) of Mr. Edward Zadok Dresden, of 2, Devonshire Place, Portland Place, and Livermore Park, Bury St. Edmunds, who died on March 15, was proved on April 7 by Edmond Dresden and Ernest Dresden, the sons, Edward Montefiore Micholls, the nephew, and Wilfred Arthur Bevan, the executors, the value of the estate being £601,241. The testator gives £300 each to his brothers and sister; £100 to his nephew, Edward Van Raalte; £5000, and his furniture, pictures, plate, and household effects, cottages and houses to his daughter Mathilde; £50 each to the Middlesex Hospital, and the Jews' Hospital and Orphan Asylum, Newstead, and legacies to executors. The residue of his property he leaves between his three children, but the legacy of £5000 and other amounts advanced to them are to be brought into account.

The will (dated Feb. 25, 1898) of Mr. John Ramsden Armitage, J.P., of Kirklington Hall, Nottingham, and of Bradford, who died on Jan. 30, was proved on April 8 by Mrs. Mercy Jane Armitage, the widow, Harry Ramsden Armitage, and Norman Charles Armitage, the sons, and George Gilbert Thompson, the executors, the value of the estate being £210,753. The testator gives an annuity of £1200, and the use of his household furniture and effects to his wife; £1000 to such Bradford charities as his executors may select; £100 to George Gilbert Thompson; all his Ordinary "B" and 400 Preference shares of George Armitage, Limited, to his son Harry Ramsden; 2000 Preference and 800 Ordinary "A" shares to his son Norman Charles; 1000 Preference and 400 Ordinary "A" shares each to his daughters Eleanor and Lizzie; 1000 Preference shares to his daughter Mrs. Alice Wright; and 100 "A" shares to Miss Prytz. The residue of his property he leaves between all his children.

The will (dated Dec. 15, 1896) of Mr. Francis Ridout Ward, of 36, Egerton Gardens, South Kensington, who died on Feb. 15, was proved on March 30 by Richard Ward, the son, and Philip Witham, the executors, the value of the estate being £67,166. The testator gives £21,000, £225, and such part as she may select of his furniture, pictures, plate, etc., to his daughter Mary Anna Ward; £11,000 upon the trusts of the marriage settlement of his deceased daughter Eliza Mary Katherine with Mr. Charles Stanton Devas; £1000 between his son Richard and daughter Mary Anna; £100 to Philip Witham; £100 to his sister, Mary Ann Sidgwick; and £25 each to his nephews and nieces. The residue of his property he leaves to his son.

The will (dated April 2, 1897), with a codicil (dated June 9, 1898), of Miss Elizabeth Brown, of Further Barton, Cirencester, who died on March 5, has been proved by Miss Jennina Brown, the sister, Walter Moritz Pooley and Edward Brownlow Haygarth, the executors, the value of the estate amounting to £35,298. The testatrix bequeaths her household furniture, jewels, etc., to her sister; £100 each to the Cirencester Branch of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, the West of

England Sanatorium, Weston-super-Mare, the Gloucester Infirmary, the Metropolitan Drinking Fountain and Cattle Trough Association, and the Home of Rest for Horses, 47, Buckingham Palace Road; £1000 each to her cousins, Henry Zachary, Jane Mary Jeffreys, Martha Louisa Jeffreys, and Walter Moritz Pooley; £1000 each to Martha Blake and Margaret Henrietta Frost; £500 to Thomas Brown Jeffreys; and £100 to Edward Brownlow Haygarth. She bequeaths her share of the Further Barton estate and all other her real estate to her sister, and leaves the residue of her personal estate, upon trust, for her during her life. At the death of her sister she gives £1000, her observatory in the garden at Further Barton, with the 31 in. Wray Refractor, the pillar and driving clock attached thereto, the astronomical clock therein, and her spectroscope to the British Astronomical Association; £500 each to the Friends' Foreign Mission and the University Mission to Central Africa; £200 to the Railway Benevolent Institution; £5000 to University College Hospital; £3000 to Margaret Henrietta Frost; £5000 to Henry Zachary, £1000 between Annie Louise, Mary Eliza, and Edith Ingram, and the ultimate residue of her property to Walter Moritz Pooley.

The will (dated May 16, 1893), with two codicils (dated July 21, 1895, and June 9, 1897), of Mr. Edward Ormerod, of 37, Evelyn Gardens, South Kensington, who died on Feb. 27, was proved on April 7 by Frank Dykes Walker, Mark Hildesley Quayle, Henry Morten Cotton, and George Holme Bower, the executors, the value of the estate being £31,590. The testator bequeaths £500 each to St. George's Hospital, Charing Cross Hospital, the Cancer Hospital (Brompton), the National Hospital for the Paralysed and Epileptic, Queen Square, Bloomsbury, St. Thomas's Hospital, and King's College Hospital; £1000 each, upon trust, for Samuel Kerr Ibbetson and Lawson Leigh Dykes; £2000 each, upon trust, for Major Desmond O'Callaghan and Hilda Dykes; £2500 each, upon trust, for Mary Ellen Kingscote, Frank Dykes Walker, Eveline Joyce Keate, and Annie Catherine Baker; and £100 each to his executors. The residue of his property he leaves between Eveline Joyce Keate and his niece, Annie Catherine Baker.

The will (dated Feb. 15, 1897, of Mr. Henry Markham Pike, of 26, Old Burlington Street, solicitor, who died on March 10, was proved on April 7 by Miss Ellen Jane Pike, Mrs. Frances Wilhelmina Williams, and Mrs. Emily Madelina Corfield, the sisters, the executrices, the value of the estate being £27,991. Subject to the gift of his household furniture and effects to his sisters Ellen and Mrs. Williams, he leaves all his property, upon trust, to pay the income thereof to them, and at the decease of the survivor of them, to his sister, Mrs. Corfield. At her death his residuary estate is to be divided between her children and those of his brother, John William Pike.

The will (dated April 20, 1893) of Mr. James Wait, of 16, Northumberland Square, North Shields, shipowner, who died on Feb. 10, was proved on April 5 by James Arthur Wait, the son, and Joseph Burrell Williamson, the executors, the value of the estate being £21,833. The

testator gives his house, 16, Northumberland Square, a cottage in Albion Street, his share of the house at Tunstall, Durham, leased to the Marquis of Londonderry, and the goodwill of his business to his son. The residue of his property he leaves between his son and daughter, Mrs. Isabella Williamson, in equal shares.

The Scotch confirmation, under seal of the Commissariat of the County of Edinburgh, of the trust disposition and settlement (dated Nov. 15, 1892, of General Sir William Hope, Bart., K.C.B., J.P., of Pinkie House, Musselburgh, who died on Sept. 5 last, granted to Sir Alexander Hope, Bart., the brother, Captain John Augustus Hope, the nephew, and Sir William Wedderburn, Bart., the executors nominate, has just been resealed in London, the value of the estate in England and Scotland being £15,423 5s. 5d.

The will (dated Feb. 23, 1898) of Mr. Charles Martin Wade, of Spayne Hall, Yeldham, Essex, who died on March 9, was proved on April 6 by Mrs. Elizabeth Wade, the widow, and Miss Gertrude Wade, the daughter, the executrices, the value of the estate being £11,889. The testator bequeaths £1000, and such part of his household furniture and effects as she may select, to his wife, and £100 per annum to his daughter during the life of his wife. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life, and at her decease he gives £2000 to his son Charles Stewart Douglas; £3000 to his son Arthur Campbell, and the ultimate residue to his daughter Gertrude.

The will (dated Nov. 2, 1882), with a codicil (dated Nov. 16, 1888), of Mr. Henry Jones, "Cavendish," of 22, Albion Street, who died on Feb. 10, was proved on April 7 by Mrs. Harriet Louisa Jones, the widow, and Mr. Daniel Jones, the brother, two of the executors, the value of the estate being £11,916. The testator gives a silver waiter and a set of Indian whist-markers to his sister Fanny Hale Jones; his books, writings, and manuscripts to his brother; an annuity of £40 to Mira Parker; and the income of his residuary estate to his wife for her life or widowhood. Subject thereto he leaves the residue of his property to his brother and sister as tenants in common.

The will and codicil of Mr. William Fenton de Wend-Fenton, of Oldbury Grange, Bridgworth, and Uddiabank Hall, Yorkshire, who died on Feb. 27, were proved on April 5 by Colonel Douglas Campbell de Wend, the brother, and Ross Porter, the executors, the value of the estate being £9113.

The will of Colonel Henry Aimé Ouvry, C.B., 9th Lancers, of The Saltrens, Lymington, Southampton, who died on Feb. 12, was proved on April 6 by Ernest Carrington Ouvry, the nephew and sole executor, the value of the estate being £4205.

On Friday, at the annual meeting of the Metropolitan Discharged Prisoners' Aid Society, the Lord Chief Justice, who presided, bore testimony to the satisfactory manner in which that Society performs its good work, and suggested that it should receive assistance from the State.

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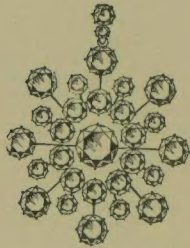
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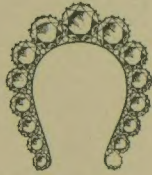
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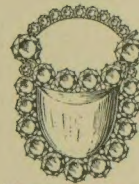
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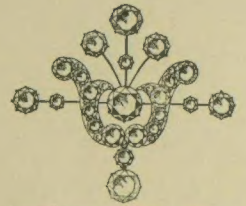
Diamond Pendant, £120.



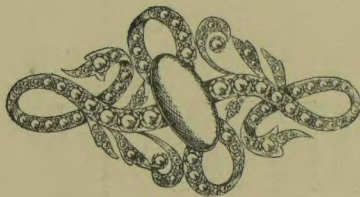
Diamond Horse-Shoe Brooch, £65.



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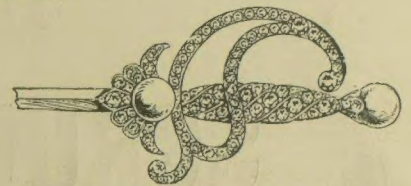
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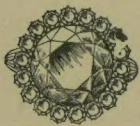
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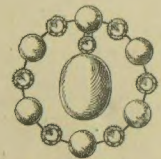
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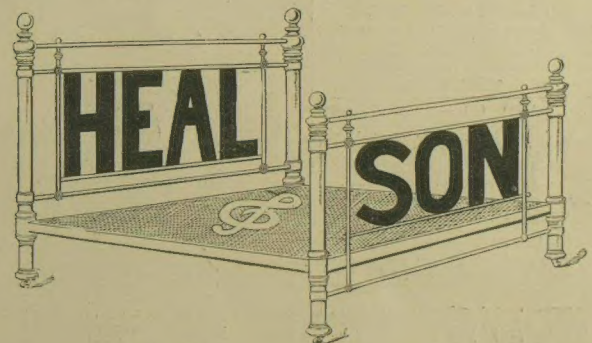
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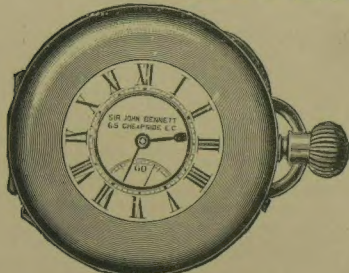
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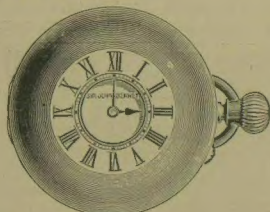
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## ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

The meetings in connection with the Church Missionary Society Centenary have been a remarkable success. The audiences have been enormous, and the greatest enthusiasm has been shown. Much interest attached to the group of African and Indian clergy who were present. Perhaps the best speech was that delivered by Mr. H. E. Thornton, of Nottingham, who gave a most graphic description of his visit to Carey's Chapel at Nottingham, where "the consecrated cobbler" preached his memorable sermon from the words: "Expect great things from God; attempt great things for God." Another speech that told very well was that by the Bishop of Rochester. The Bishop at first seemed to be slightly nervous, but he soon produced a deep impression upon his audience. The enormous gatherings in the Albert Hall were perhaps unprecedented in the history of missionary meetings. The Archbishop of Canterbury's peroration in his St. Paul's sermon was full of passionate eloquence.

All sections of the Church were well represented. Bishop Westcott was prevented by bronchitis from being present, but wrote a most sympathetic letter, and said that he fully hoped to take part in the diocesan commemoration.

The Bishop of St. Asaph has authoritatively contradicted the report that he, seeing his name announced with

Mr. Sydney Gedge's, to speak at a meeting on behalf of the Church Missionary Society in the St. Asaph diocese, intimated that unless Mr. Gedge's name was withdrawn he could not take part in the meeting. His lordship had said it was unnecessary to have an additional speaker, and as it was a meeting representing both schools of thought in the Church, he thought it undesirable that either should be represented by anyone who had taken a prominent part in recent controversies.

The Rev. Dr. Barrett, of Norwich, a leading Congregationalist minister, supports the policy of joining with Evangelicals in the present struggle. The Rev. Hugh Price Hughes goes further, and is in favour of the question being made a test one at the General Election; that is, Liberal Nonconformists should rather support a Churchman pledged to resist Romanising than vote for a Liberal of an opposite way of thinking.

The *Church Times* says that it has no quarrel with the resolution adopted by the House of Commons on Tuesday evening of last week. It has no objection to Mr. Hoare's resolution, or to the words added to it on the motion of Mr. Bartley. The *Record* is also very much pleased, and says: "The House of Commons on Tuesday administered to the English Church Union and its friends the most decisive rebuke and warning which they have yet received."

It is pleasing to see the universal satisfaction which the action of the House of Commons has given to all parties.

Lady Newnes, wife of Sir George Newnes, has promised to give a peal of bells to Lynton Parish Church.

The Reader of the Temple, the Rev. S. A. Alexander, is to publish a volume on the Christianity of St. Paul. It will be made up of sermons which have been preached in the Temple Church.

Old memories are recalled by the announcement of the death of Mrs. Close, widow of the late Dean Close, of Carlisle. She had reached the great age of ninety-three.

The late Rev. James Spurgeon had advanced so far with the preparation of his Presidential address for the Baptist Union meeting on April 24 that the Union has requested the Rev. James Owen, of Swansea, to undertake the reading of the speech. The first draft had been completed by Dr. Spurgeon only the night previous to his sudden death.

The new English Church of St. Mark at Lucerne was consecrated on April 14. The Bishop of London was present at the ceremony, after which he delivered a short address and celebrated Holy Communion. Representatives of the Swiss Confederation and the municipality joined the clergy in a procession to the church.

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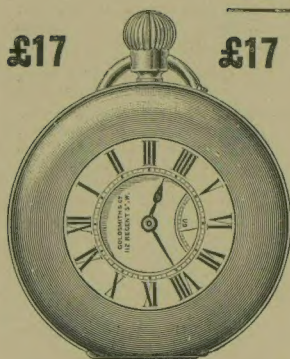
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11 0 by 10 0	...	6 5 0 "	13 0 by 11 0	...	7 12 0 "
12 0 by 10 0	...	6 5 0 "	14 0 by 11 0	...	8 5 0 "
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14 0 by 9 8	...	7 4 0	14 7 by 10 4	...	9 8 0
14 7 by 10 4	...	8 3 6	14 8 by 9 11	...	6 2 0
14 8 by 10 8	...	8 10 0	14 1 by 10 6	...	7 8 0
14 8 by 10 6	...	7 14 0	14 8 by 10 7	...	7 15 0
14 10 by 10 8	...	7 18 0	14 5 by 10 10	...	7 16 0
14 7 by 10 5	...	7 12 0	14 9 by 10 1	...	8 1 6
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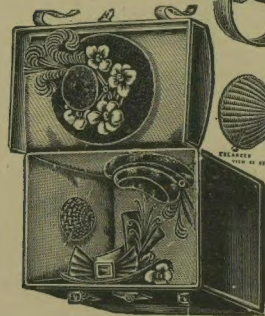
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## MUSIC.

It may be said that the spring musical season has but now begun, although last week's doings had some touches of interest. The Carl Rosa Opera Company paid a visit to Kennington, which was curiously lacking in interest. For some reason or another this company has now for some time had the appearance before the world of struggling with difficulties. A sudden and unannounced postponement, for example, of "Lohengrin," and the substitution of "The Bohemian Girl," to the dismay of an audience quite unprepared for such an exchange, did not exactly make for dignity. But Dr. Osmond Carr is pluckily convinced that a brave fight is all that is necessary to win success, and that fight, so we understand, he intends to make. It may be hoped that he will by that means renew the fame and fortune of a company bearing so well-known and so reputable a name.

Then, on Saturday night, under the direction of Mr. Henry Risley, the Bristol Choir made an appearance at the Queen's Hall, and proved what an excellent combination, how delicate and true in pure choral-singing, they are. The works selected were Brahms's "Requiem" and Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise," both of them well within the powers of this choir. They made a curious and effective contrast, at all events. We are among the most inveterate heretics on the subject of Brahms's "Requiem." We find in it none of those astonishing qualities which so many claim to see in it. The famous

number, for instance, "How lovely are the dwellings," appeals to us merely as a piece of rather pretty sentimentality, that does not, even on its own merits, wear well; and the gloom of the rest strikes us as something remarkably like dullness. Anyway it received the most majestic treatment on the occasion under discussion; and the "Lobgesang," a work which makes widely different claims upon art, but which is for the most part frankly and unswervingly beautiful, was performed with extraordinary fineness of feeling and rightness of effect. Mr. Risley's wide reputation as an organiser and trainer of choral-singing was triumphantly put to the test and proved.

The musical arrangements for Mr. Robert Newman's London Festival are now practically complete. Of course, the most modern interesting of the compositions to be performed will be the Abbé Persi's Oratorios, which have made so instant and peculiar an effect in Italy, but which have just received somewhat quieter appreciation at the hands of a Vienna public. A mass of Wagner, much Beethoven, and a most formidable array of other separate works will make a very engrossing and attractive week of music. But it is rather a pity that there will be some clashing with opera engagements, as we understand that the first performance this year of "Tristan" will take place on the night arranged for the performance of one of Persi's oratorios.

Many whispers have been rife upon the asserted talents of Mr. Fritz Delius, whose works have not yet had much chance of performance here; but Mr. Norman-Concorde

has, it appears, definitely undertaken the production of some of this musician's compositions at the St. James's Hall on May 30. Mr. Norman-Concorde has, it also appears, the utmost belief in the powers and accomplishment of Mr. Delius, about whose musical genius, indeed, many people have been deeply convinced for some time. We trust that these expectations will be in every respect gratified, for there is room and enough for many new composers of genuine talent.

The immediate arrangements for the forthcoming opera season are now complete; and the curtain will rise on "Lohengrin" on the first night of the season. "Tristan" on the Thursday will have a very particular interest, for in it Mdlle. Litvigne will make her debut as Isolde. "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci" will remake their appearance at Covent Garden in the same week, and we understand that "Faust," "Aida," and "Les Huguenots" will also be seen there among the first six performances. And so we launch into a season which by no means promises to have very novel attractions. It is so much the old kind of season to which we have become accustomed during recent years. We confess to a sneaking wish that, even at some risk, the authorities had gone in a little for the new things of operatic art. There are one or two operas still unperformed at Covent Garden which would, we rather fancy, have a very definite and assured success. But the cautious game is to be played; and there, for this year at all events, the matter must be allowed to stand.

ATHENS FEB. 26, 1899.

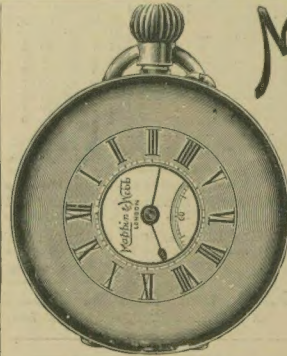
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